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AND WOE TO THE WICKED!

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 124. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 18TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 124. WEEK ENDING MARCH 18TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

WARNING TO MUSICIANS.

RESPECTABLE AGENTS AND OTHERS.

If you are thinking of becoming a professional musician, beware of agents who charge a fee for arranging a concert for you, or otherwise bringing you before the public.

They are very frequently frauds. A first-class agent will have nothing to do with you unless he thinks you are likely to succeed, and, if he believes in you, he will be perfectly willing to arrange a concert without making any charge. Of course, you must pay the actual expenses of the concert in the way of rent of hall, lighting, advertising and so on.

An honest agent, however, will have the actual bills rendered to you direct, the fraud charges an inclusive and exorbitant fee for arranging the concert.

Naturally, the respectable agent if he charges no preliminary fees is not in business for the benefit of his health. He will expect you to sign a contract appointing him your agent for a term of years and at so much per cent. commission on all engagements you obtain.

TERRITORIAL v. CIVILIAN.

RIOT IS NOT INSURRECTION.

Territorials are expressly exempted from being called out to aid the civil power in dispersing unlawful assemblies or suppressing political or industrial riots, but this does not mean that they can never be employed against civilians.

They certainly can be called upon in the case of an insurrection. An insurrection differs from a riot in that it is directed against the King or the Government, whereas a riot is concerned with private individuals.

For example, a mob of strikers setting out to burn down the house of an obnoxious employer are engaged in a riot; but if they turn their attention to a barracks or other Government property they are guilty of insurrection, and it becomes the duty of every loyal subject, no matter whether he is a soldier or not, to do all he can to suppress the insurrection, and this without being called upon.

If the insurrectionists are armed, or if their behaviour is such as to put the public in reasonable fear of their lives, they are entitled to arm and shoot down or otherwise kill the insurrectionists.

Nor are Territorials in any way exempt from the common liability of every civilian to assist the police against criminals.

Territorials could certainly have been called out against the Sidney Street miscreants, and so could any civilian have been.

The plain fact is that a man cannot divest himself of his liabilities as a citizen by joining either the Regulars or the Territorials.

CHEEK.

"Intelligence has reached me——" began the man as he opened his letters at the breakfast table; and his wife was heard to murmur "Better late than never" as she ostentatiously rattled the coffee-pot.

* * *

"Spring horse shows are coming," says an enterprising journal. So is the Coronation, and next Christmas. This craze for being first with the news is being carried too far.

* * *

And besides, what is a spring horse? Any relation to a spring chicken?

* * *

Dancing is almost as old as the world, says the "Globe." We have a dim recollection that even the little hills had an occasional hop ages ago.

* * *

There is no foundation for the assertion made in an American paper that a Yankee dollar is equal to a British Sovereign.

* * *

A weekly paper prints an article, entitled "Poor Old Ireland." That is not quite correct now, surely, at least in regard to the first attribute.

* * *

"Eloping Wife's Ruse," is the heading of a more or less interesting report in a London newspaper. May we suggest that the sequel might be entitled "Eloping Wife Rues."

* * *

Renamed Companies.—The Dreadful-State Railway of France. Another accident!

* * *

"Friends of the —— railway," says a contemporary, will "note with pride" that the receipts are higher than ever. Actual shareholders will probably lose their heads entirely.

* * *

Truth will out. A town in the Midlands proposed to celebrate the anniversary of a long dead but once famous townsman. "I didn't know he was born here," said a worthy councillor. "I didn't know he was ever born at all," added a more truthful one.

* * *

Reading of the revival of the old mills, ex-convict 999 remarked that it would not increase the popularity of "clink." What's bre(a)d in the bone, &c.

* *

The newly-formed flying club was holding its annual dinner. "The aeroplane has indeed come to stay," said the flushed chairman. "Yes—on the ground," murmured the unenthusiastic guest.

"TOUCHANGO."

MARCONI OPERATORS.

PROSPECTS IN THE NAVY.

The Wireless Telegraphy Branch of the Royal Navy offers a pretty good career.

It is recruited from seaman class boys under training in the harbour training establishments.

The boy telegraphist starts at 4s. 1d. a week, with, of course, free rations, etc., rising to from 26s. 10d. to 31s. 6d. as a chief petty officer telegraphist.

But he can go a long way further than that. As a warrant telegraphist he will get from £100 to £161 per annum, plus certain allowances. As commissioned warrant officer his job is worth from £182 to £219 a year, while on promotion to lieutenant his income rises to from £237 to £273. There are also pensions for himself or his widow.

In the next great naval war the Marconi operator is bound to play a prominent part, and should have many opportunities of distinguishing himself.

Nominally he cannot rise above the rank of lieutenant, but distinguished war service sweeps away all rules and regulations.

HARLEQUIN HISTORY.

A FAMOUS RUGBY CLUB.

The famous Harlequins Football Club was founded in or about 1866—there is some doubt as to the precise year, but it was not later than '66.

The club, in the founding of which Mr. Stephen Lynch, the well-known barrister, had a prominent part, was then known as the Hampstead F.C., and had its pitch near the old Sluice House, Highbury.

In the season 1869-70, the club, having ceased to be a purely local one, became the Harlequins, its first secretary as such being Mr. W. A. Smith, a fine player and all-round sportsman, who has ever since been identified with Harlequin fortunes, and is now the club's highly popular and respected president.

The Harlequins have known many migrations, for in turn they have had their headquarters at Hampstead, Tufnell Park, Swiss Cottage, Putney Heath, Kensal Rise, Fulham, Turnham Green, Devonshire Park, Wandsworth Common, and Twickenham.

Among famous Harlequins of the past may be mentioned, W. J. Winthrop, W. W. and H. P. Northcott (the latter of whom was killed at Modder River), A. E. Stoddart, and A. A. and H. P. Surtees.

Among Harlequins of the present day, every follower of Rugby, of course, knows the Stoops, A. D. and F. M., J. C. G. Birkett, R. W. Poulton and H. S. H. Sibree.

"MRS. BULL'S" CORONATION INDUSTRY.

OPEN LETTER BY H. GRAY-REID.

"MRS. BULL,"

Esteemed Madam,—I take the liberty of writing to you once again.

You know how all dutiful citizens regard our gracious King, George the Fifth, and how much we are looking forward to his Coronation, because that ceremony will provide the public with an opportunity of giving him some idea of how much we love him.

I do not know whether you have ever heard it, amiable Madam, but there is a motto which is followed by many people, and, I venture to think, followed with good reason. It is "Fear God and honour the King."

When King George's Coronation comes, we are going to honour him with our loyal enthusiasm.

He has worked quietly and has avoided any sort of publicity, but the people know what he is worth, for the newspapers have reproduced, from time to time, the kindly messages of sympathy and inquiry which he has sent to those in sorrow.

The King is a gentleman in every sense of the word. His Coronation will be a matter for national rejoicing, and an opportunity for the expression of a nation's love.

It has been left to you, valued Madam, to exploit that Coronation in a financial way.

In the number of your paper which at present lies before me, you devote a page, which it is impossible for me to reproduce *in extenso*, but from which I take the liberty of quoting.

"FREE" SEATS.

You head the announcement "To View the Coronation Processions. Free Seats for 'Mrs. Bull' readers."

You continue to state that, by arrangement with what you describe as a "Coronation Syndicate," "'Mrs. Bull' is able to offer a certain number of her readers FREE SEATS, in excellent positions, to view one of the Coronation Processions on June 22 and 23."

You proceed: "The usual price for such seats would be from £5 to £10 each; but with a view to advertising 'Mrs. Bull,' and at the same time to avoid any infringement of the Lottery Act, the following scheme has been devised:

"The Syndicate has also acquired a certain number of Fully-Paid £1 Ordinary Shares in 'Mrs. Bull' Limited—the proprietors of this journal—and these shares will be transferred in lots of Five each, every purchaser being entitled, in addition to the shares, to two free Coronation seats.

"The shares may be paid for by five instalments of £1 each, but to secure the best positions it is desirable that applicants should pay up in full on application."

A MATTER OF PRICE.

Your statement that the usual price for such seats would be from £5 to £10 each interests me very much.

I was talking about the matter to a friend of mine who has had some experience in these things, and he told me that he believed that excellent seats for the Coronation would be obtainable at 10s. or 15s. each.

Perhaps he is wrong, and it may be that your readers have been tumbling over each other in their efforts to secure seats at your price, and it may be that they have not done so.

With regard to your statement that the scheme has been devised with a view to advertising "Mrs. Bull," I might perhaps be excused for pointing out to you, that to have a paper talked about does not necessarily mean to advertise it in a commercial sense, for the things that people say may be favourable or the reverse, according to the proposition which the advertiser makes to them.

You go on to say with regard to the purchasers of these marvellous Coronation seats, that "if they care to sell the seats they should have no difficulty in obtaining more than the price of the shares—thus securing their interest in the journal for nothing."

"SHOULD" AND "WILL."

I am glad to see your careful consideration in regard to the use of words, for, as you have noticed, there is a distinct difference between the two words "should" and "will."

It is so seldom that one finds in the hastily-produced papers of to-day this desirable exactness.

As to the whole idea of selling your shares by means of this offer of what you term "two free Coronation seats," I should not care to express my candid opinion, you being a lady, but I hope the King and his people will like it.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your Interested Reader,
H. GRAY-REID.

THIS WEEK IN THE GARDEN.

Things are beginning to wake up in the garden just now, and there should be plenty of work to keep the amateur busy.

The herbaceous border may well be dug over now, especially if it was manured last autumn, and the final rearrangement of the larger plants should be made.

Pansies that have been wintered in frames should be planted out where they are to bloom, and if a little cow dung can be added to the soil, they will produce much finer flowers. The manure, however, should not be allowed to touch the leaves.

The rolling of paths and lawns is one of the most important things at this time of the year, when they are soft enough to get the full benefit from it.

Most hardy annuals can be sown in the open for early flowering, and half-hardy annuals should be sown in heat.

Shrubs that require it should be pruned about this time, though the majority of roses should not be touched until the end of the month, while tea roses should be left till next month before pruning.

CATS AND GRASS.

While the dog is man's particular pal, many men keep a cat, or allow one to attach himself to them. Cats kept in lodgings where there is no garden, or only an arid back-yard masquerading as one, often suffer from want of grass.

Fresh grass is quite as necessary to a cat's well-being as fresh fruit and vegetables to man's. Ordinarily a cat will forage for himself, but if there is none about, you should remember when out for a Saturday or Sunday walk to bring in two or three handfuls of fresh grass, which should be kept moist, but not sloppy.

Your cat will be grateful for it.

Liver, too, once or twice a week is very good for a cat. Many people are not aware that cats need water to drink almost as much as dogs. If your cat refuses milk you may be pretty sure that he is thirsty and wants water, which he will always prefer to milk when really "dry."

A cat has more intelligence than is usually credited to it. Like a dog, it develops in friendship according to the attention paid to it.

The man who cannot keep a dog will find a very good substitute in the common tabby.

ETIQUETTE AMONGST MEN.

SOME POINTS OF GOOD FORM.

Remember if you are a guest at a club, an Army mess, on board a ship, or in similar circumstances, you must not attempt to pay for anything.

This may seem unnecessary advice, but the rule applies not only to drinks and cigars, but to other things. For example, if you are visiting a man at his club, and he proposes a game of billiards, which you lose, you must let him pay for it.

On the other hand, if you, as a guest, are invited to take part in a game of pool or cards, you should pay your own losses. At least, this is the custom nowadays, though in some of the best clubs it is still the rule for the host to pay his guest's losings, afterwards recovering the money from him. But in no circumstances should you attempt to play the host in a club or other institution of which you are not a member.

Territorial officers, by the way, are often made honorary members of army messes, and as such they have the "privilege" of ordering and paying for what they like. They should be careful never to presume on their position. I mean that an honorary member should never make complaints, grumble at the servants, or in any way interfere with the purely domestic affairs of the mess. The same applies equally to honorary membership of a club.

Equals in social position address each other by their surnames—that is, when they are acquaintances. In business, however, you should give a man any title to which he has a right, unless, of course, you happen also to be personal friends. That is, if you meet a doctor or a lawyer professionally you should address him as "Doctor So-and-So," or "Mr. Thingummy." In the case of a man much older than yourself it is usual to address him formally.

When inquiring after a man's womenkind you should do so in formal terms. That is, you should not say "How is your wife," but "How is Mrs. ——." Of course, intimate friends often disregard this rule, but still in any matter affecting another man's feminine relatives it is impossible to be too punctilious and respectful.

In making introductions between men, the senior in age or rank should be mentioned first.

It is not at all necessary when walking with a friend to introduce him to any casual acquaintance you may meet.

If you are with a friend, and he stops to speak to someone, you should walk on a few paces, or stop and look in at a shop-window until he rejoins you.

Don't talk "shop" when in the company of strangers. What I mean is that if you are in a crowd of fellows, and two of you are 'Varsity men, or in the same profession or calling, don't start talking between your two selves about 'Varsity or professional matters.

Don't extend vague invitations, such as "You must come and dine with me one of these nights."

When invited to a "stag" dinner-party, you should be quite as careful of your dress and appearance as if ladies were going to be present. Always put on your evening togs for such an occasion, unless particularly told not to do so.

It is polite and correct to address a clergyman as "Sir" on first acquaintance, and a well-bred man is always respectful to the "cloth," even when he may dislike or despise the particular man who wears it.

Remember that though you may be a "big pot" in business, you may be nobody outside it, and to bring your business position into private life is to get yourself badly disliked.

E. H. HILL.

A SKETCH.

The Bob-Hoppers

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

The town of Bradworth—and under that name I seek to provide a domino for one of the biggest manufacturing towns in the North of England—was, when I knew it, a place where it was impossible for young men and women of no settled convictions to become sick of life.

You required a shilling and a pair of dancing-pumps. That was the "open sesame." Then you went down to Marvillier's Academy of Dancing and obtained a ticket marked "Dancing (including light refreshments), 1s.," from a scanty-haired, inoffensive-looking, little man in a nautical waistcoat, and a white home-made knitted tie. If a dance was in progress you would be following the fashion (to which particular attention was paid at Marvillier's) if you looked into the ballroom, attracted by frantic grimaces the attention of a damsel with whom you wished to dance the next, and then clattered down a dive to the left to the gentlemen's dressing-room where you proceeded to make yourself look the complete "dorg."

For young men with that laudable intention in perspective there was provided a large hairbrush of the consistency of a whitewashing implement, reeking malodorously of all the constituent parts of the scents of "high-class" hair-oils, such as are manufactured in the purlieus of Holborn. With this, those that were deficient either of a sense of smell, or a regard for the capillary growth on their pates, made themselves presentable.

Youths without a nicely-bordered handkerchief to show artfully out of their sleeves (which at that time was the correct place for handkerchiefs) brought into use the discarded white-spotted blue foulard tie, of familiar pattern. Saucily, but discreetly, displayed it looked the part to the life, and, provided no so-called friend with a perverted sense of humour, pulled it out of their sleeves during the coffee and biscuit interval—just to cause a little merriment—it was all right.

The clothes-brush in that dressing-room was a thing of which I must not speak disrespectfully, for it was a gem of its class. Those who have attempted to remove the dust from their coat-lapels with a dozen-bristled brush will appreciate the luxury of Marvillier's, when I state that we once counted forty-two bristles on the article supplied in the gentlemen's dressing-room at that famous Academy.

It was with these advantages, then, that the young man completed his toilet. No wonder when he dashed up the stairs to the ball-room that he felt like a thousand-pound man!

It strikes me, as I write, that perhaps the *personnel* of the dance would not have met with the approval of Mrs. Grundy. No one thought of wearing a dress-suit. Had a man entered thus attired, he would have been promptly stabbed for the price of the company's liquid refreshment. He would, in addition, have been twitted unmercifully.

The only brave soul ever known to place the airing of his dress-clothes above the custom of Marvillier's had in the end to borrow a lounge coat and waistcoat from Marvillier. Marvillier was six feet and of the commanding countenance of the German Emperor. That young man, I think, could not have stood five foot seven in his abominably new dress-shoes. . . . Yet his martyrdom was not without its uses to the community. No one ever appeared in a dress-suit again.

Doubtless you will wonder why the misguided one did not leave Marvillier's and thus avoid looking like a modernly-clothed London statue—with concertina trousers and an ill-fitting coat. *Habitués* of the Academy would laugh you to scorn for your wonder. Leave Marvillier's—where one could *live* every moment from the first waltz to the last extra? Never!

What a joyous company gathered in that Mecca of Bob-Hoppers! And yet what a disreputable crew I suppose they were. But no one came to be correct. There were no programmes, but there was plenty of politeness. It was always the "pleasure" of a dance that you asked for. And when the magnificent M.C. introduced you to a lady partner she was always "pleased to meet you."

In a corner of the room a band of heaven-inspired musicians discoursed the most gorgeous of music when they were not utterly drunk. They were cast-offs from the best orchestras in London. (A first violin who is frequently incapable is of no use to an orchestra, even if he has the technique of a Kubelik when less intoxicated than usual.) But Marvillier had them in relays. One danced to the most perfect 'cello under-run at the Academy, and Marvillier's move in the second half was to turn out all lights that had not Chinese lanterns over them—thus heightening the soothing effect of a waltz cotillon and at the same time reducing the expense of the lights.

Of course, the ladies were of the seductive shop-girl type and, failing that, you might be sure that they got their living in some less reputable manner. But all that faded into the background when the quadrille band struck up. Whatever your own particular station in life—"duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred kings"—you found when you danced that you had your arm lightly round the waist of one who waltzed, polka'd or two-stepped with her spirit of gaiety, momentarily free, rising supreme over the drab soul that was hidden in her indifferently attired body.

A girl clung to you in the waltz out of sheer intuitive obedience to the amorous rhythm of the music. You saw before you nothing but two almost pitifully joyous deep eyes, and beyond them a vague sea of similarly ecstatically-revolving couples.

In the two-step your partner saluted you gaily, and threw you that quick, utterly charming, side-glance that is the gift of the coquette.

Also, the pure etiquette of the Lancers was not complied with unless you swung the girl off her feet. Ah! I suppose they were most shocking people at Marvillier's, but they were past masters in the art of enjoyment.

Of course, the Academy was not without its romances. It was possible to sit in some of the conservatories off the main ball-room and weave most entrancing love-stories. It was most annoying, both to the young men and the young women, when a couple persisted in dancing one with the other the whole evening. They were always the prettiest girls and the most dashing young men somehow.

It was only at these times that we sighed for the exigencies of the legitimate ball. There such a thing would not be countenanced—and quite right, too, said Marvillier's.

Such couples disappeared finally to get married, thus becoming too utterly commonplace to be troubled about any more. They were gone—and quite forgotten.

Such things, however, are usual in the Academy of the Universe. Yet, there is one romance, which attaches particularly to Marvillier's and to Marvillier's alone.

That is the case of young Jimmy Pentelly—a wondrous young man who always brought his own dancing shoes and kept them in a locked-up locker, scorning to borrow one of the nondescript pairs that formed Marvillier's stock. He had all his "h's" and a lack of the slightest suspicion of North-country brogue. He was, as the girls said, "quite the gentleman." You never heard any raucous laughter from Jimmy Pentelly.

There were rumours that when he left Marvillier's he took tram to quite the most exclusive part of the town. He was accredited with a lady who drove in a carriage and pair for a mother. Everyone was sure that he had late dinner before he came to the dance. He was always heavy the first waltz or two.

But it was the two-steps, and the lancers and the set dances that Jimmy Pentelly adored. He set the room a-whirl with his joyous stamping in the last figure of the lancers; no one was gayer in the two-step than he.

He had danced with all the frequenters of Marvillier's on occasion, but his favourite partner was the pretty "Jenny"—no one ever bothered about her surname. She had the most slender ankles in the room, and the nicest figure. The imagination of Marvillier's had it that she was the unacknowledged daughter of an indiscreet countess. No one could believe that the gin-sodden old lady she said was her mother was the slightest relation.

When you looked in at the ball-room door and saw Jenny and young Pentelly were of the company present, you decided to spend your last shilling and see life.

During three winters he was regularly in evidence and then, suddenly, there was no more Jimmy Pentelly.

He was gone. Jenny refusing to be comforted, looked on dolefully at the dancing evening after evening, ever and anon raising her pretty blue eyes to gaze at the door lest Jimmy should be peeping in to see if she were there.

There came a night, however, when Jenny entered the ball-room her eyes red with recent crying. She had seen him, she said. She had chanced to be near a great house in the best part of the town, and she had noticed a number of carriages pulling up at the drive gates. He had stepped out of a carriage in evening-dress and handed out first an elderly lady and secondly the most icy-looking of girls. . . . Ah, it was no use trying to console her. It was his *fiancée*. He had glanced in her direction and raised his hat. (Yes, he was always "quite the gentleman.") But that raise said good-bye to her—good-bye to Marvillier's.

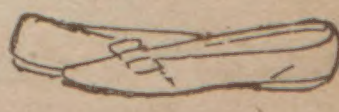
Then, goes the story, just as she was breaking out into tears again a shout of "Here's Jimmy Pentelly!" rent the ball-room.

And surely enough it was Jimmy Pentelly, who without shame and in the manner of Marvillier's, rushed up to Jenny, embraced her and said: "You saw me last night before I underwent the most awful experience of my life—the stodgy misery of an upper middle-class ball. . . Jenny, may I have the *pleasure* of the next dance with you?"

It was the suave and ever-correct M.C. who shouted out to the band:

"By Heaven," he cried "if you never put go into the lancers before, put hell into it now! Mister Pentelly's brought Marvillier's back to us again."

And thus, in that never-to-be-forgotten scene, my vision of the Academy dissolves, and once more I say a curse on the rinking craze that brought to the Bankruptcy Court that one-time Temple of Joy—Marvillier's.



CRIMINAL QUACKS

ROGUES WHO SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED BY LEGISLATION.

England is practically the only civilised country which permits the practice of medicine and other branches of the healing art by unqualified persons. Germany and Russia do allow it, but only under such restrictions that quacks do not wax fat in those countries.

Here, it is true, there are a few restrictions on the medical quack, the chief being that he must not call himself a "doctor of medicine," "physician," "surgeon," &c., cannot recover fees in a court of law, and cannot validly give any medical certificate required by law.

Other countries, however, with the exceptions noted, prohibit unqualified practice altogether, under penalties which in some cases are very severe.

"CANCER CURERS."

Now I do not say that all unqualified practitioners are necessarily quacks in the opprobrious sense of the term, but the great majority of them are impostors.

Some of these are harmless enough, but there are others who may fairly be described as criminal quacks. I refer to those infamous scoundrels who profess to cure cancer, consumption, and other deadly diseases.

The "cancer curers" are perhaps the worst, though they are all so vile as scarcely to admit of comparison. The cause of cancer is still a medical mystery. The finest medical brains in the world, backed by almost unlimited resources, have long been concentrated on the problem of cancer—and the riddle remains unread.

The "cancer curer," however, presumably knows the cause of cancer, otherwise how could he cure it?

OFFICIAL FACTS.

What manner of man is he? We may find an answer in the "Report as to the Practice of Medicine and Surgery by Unqualified Persons in the United Kingdom."

"'Cancer curers,'" says the Report, "are very common, and some obtain a wide reputation, and are resorted to from all quarters. These 'curers' are often ignorant men. Some have been blacksmiths, railway porters, and the like."

Apparently, then, these ignorant men, devoid of medical training, imperfectly educated, without facilities for research or experiment, have solved the mystery of cancer. Savours of the miraculous, does it not?

They may say, however, that they do not pretend to know the cause of cancer, but that by sheer luck they have found a remedy.

We shall pass over the inherent improbability of their having done so, and take a peep into the constituents of these marvellous lotions, which, fortunately, the "curers" cannot keep secret.

"The treatment"—to quote again from the Report—"is usually by the application of local remedies, as ointments, or caustic fluids."

THE "CURE."

Some time ago the "British Medical Journal" had an analysis made of the lotion sold at an exorbitant price by a band of "cancer curers" operating in Wales. It was found to consist of olive oil, oil of turpentine, and chloride of zinc. The uses of chloride of zinc have long been known to the medical profession, and if it is potent to cure cancer it is certainly strange that it should have been left to ignorant, untrained men to make this great, life-giving discovery.

Of course, not only could such a lotion have no effect in arresting the progress of the disease, but the continued application of caustic must aggravate the victim's sufferings.

If the "cancer curers" do not know this, their ignorance is criminal, if they do know that their "cures" are worthless, is there a word bad enough in the English language to apply to them?

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

The worst part of this hideous business is that lives are sacrificed that might have been saved.

In the early stages of cancer there is a fair chance of a permanent cure by operation. Further, some eminent medical men incline to the view that certain forms of cancer may be cured without operation by careful dieting, application of light and other rays, and skilled medical supervision and treatment—in short, that cancer, like consumption, may, when taken in time, be amenable to hygienic, as opposed to purely medical measures.

It is perfectly certain, however, that cancer is not to be cured by the worthless remedies employed by the quack, but the scoundrel, in order to sell his bottles, insists on the treatment being carried out for several months, and by the time the victim seeks competent medical advice all hope is gone.

CRIMINAL IGNORANCE OR WILFUL MURDER?

That is the damnable part of it. These "curers," I repeat, are either grossly ignorant persons who know nothing whatever about cancer, or they are ghouls who, through a vile and loathsome greed, deliberately condemn their suffering fellow-creatures to an agonising death.

The "consumption curer" is as bad, save that his victims do not suffer so much, but here again the sufferer loses his chance of life through wasting time in consuming worthless potions until no human power could arrest the disease.

It would seem incredible that any person of ordinary sense should believe that these quacks should have discovered secrets hidden from the trained medical intelligence of the world, yet people, even educated people, go to these scoundrels. Why?

The sufferer from cancer goes because he dreads an operation, and the quack promises to cure him without one.

He goes also because a symptom of cancer is secrecy, just as hope springs to the last in the poor, racked heart of the consumptive.

The cancer patient seeks to hide his malady from his family and his friends, and the quack promises to cure him without anyone knowing anything about it.

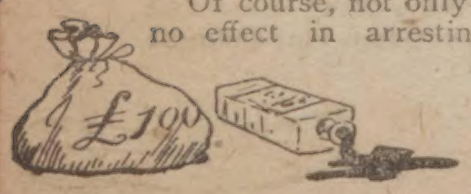
The consumptive goes because, as I have hinted, nothing will convince him that he is doomed. Often he goes also because he does not wish to lead the healthy life that is his only chance.

THE NEED FOR LEGISLATION.

If I say that consumptives are often intemperate, I do not mean to cast a stone at them, a tendency to excess in more than one direction is part of the disease, but the quack tells them they need not reform their way of life, his secret potion will enable them to continue to defy Nature.

Cannot the law touch these wicked impostors? Apparently it cannot. Yet surely the fate of the House of Lords, Tariff Reform, or any political measure is as nothing compared with the existence in our midst of a large and increasing number of cold-blooded devils who falsely profess to cure the two greatest scourges of this country, and condemn thousands of their fellow-creatures to agonising mental and physical suffering.

NORMAN FRASER.



CLUB NEWS.

BELFAST.—The Belfast MODERN MAN Club has secured new headquarters at 12, Waring Street.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow MODERN MAN Club is going ahead rapidly. Headquarters, consisting of seven rooms, have been secured, and, by the time this appears in print, the decorating and furnishing of them will have been completed. There is a lounge, with a piano, a card-room, a reading-room, a games-room, a committee-room, and a gymnasium. The membership fee in connection with this Club is £1 per annum, payable quarterly. The Glasgow MODERN MAN Club is already one of the most important in that city, and Glasgow readers desirous of joining should write to the Secretary, Mr. W. D. Fraser, 20, Maule Drive, Partick West, Glasgow.

ILFORD.—Headquarters for the Ilford MODERN MAN Club have been secured at 3, Natal Parade, Ilford Lane, Ilford. The opening ceremony will take place shortly, and the Editor hopes to be able to attend personally.

IRISH FOOTBALLERS.

THEIR FINE SPORTSMANSHIP.

Ireland's success at Rugby this season—has she not beaten England and Scotland?—has given great satisfaction to all good sportsmen, no matter what their nationality. Irish "Rugger" is pursued under difficulties, for the Rugby-playing schools and clubs are few in number and widely scattered, and they do not get the practice that the English, Scotch, and Welsh clubs do.

Nevertheless, the Irish Rugger man is a very genuine amateur, and has borne long years of defeat with splendid pluck and good temper.

Since the International Championship was instituted in 1883 Ireland has only won it thrice—viz., in 1893, 1895, and 1898.

Ireland's victory over Scotland this season is particularly noteworthy, because it is only her seventh victory in thirty-four matches, Scotland having won all but three of the remainder. Against England Ireland's record is: played 35, won 12, lost 21, drawn 2.

By the time these lines appear in print the result of the match at Cardiff on March 11th will be known, but in meeting Wales Ireland is up against a very "stiff proposition," and we have to go back to 1898-99 for an Irish victory on Welsh soil.

Still, the Irishmen's form this season has been such that a victory is no forlorn hope, and should Ireland win, Welshmen will not grudge her the championship, for everybody admires the Irishmen for their pluck, good sportsmanship, and resolute determination always "to play the game," whether winning or losing.

The World's Greatest Steeplechase.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE GRAND NATIONAL.

If you have never seen the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, near Liverpool, you have missed one of the finest sporting sights in the world. Even the sternest moralist, the bitterest opponent of the Turf, or at least of the betting associated therewith, could scarce look upon a Grand National unmoved, without some thrill of pleasurable excitement.

Pace the Australians and the Melbourne Cup, the Grand National is the world's greatest steeplechase, and it is the supreme test of horsemen and horses, demanding as it does from both the highest qualities of courage, skill, and stamina.

The Grand National was first run in 1839, when it was won by Lottery.

TWICE WINNERS.

No horse has ever won it thrice, but five horses have won it twice—namely, Peter Simple, Abd-el-Kader, The Lamb, The Colonel, and Manifesto. The second victory of the last-named was a remarkable performance, for he was carrying 12st 7lb, the highest weight recorded in the history of the race.

One other horse, however, has also carried 12st 7lb first past the post. This was the famous Cloister, who after running second twice, won in 1893, and despite his heavy burden won in the fine time of 9 minutes 42.2-5 seconds.

This reminds one that a Grand National horse must not only be a perfect jumper, but pretty speedy. The course is roughly 4½ miles in length (4 miles 856 yards to be exact), and, allowing even so much as ten minutes for the race, this means that the winner has to travel at the rate of about 25 miles an hour, or as fast as many trains.

RAILS THAT DO NOT HELP.

And he has no smooth rails, no well-laid track to help him. His "rails" are serious obstacles, and this brings us to the jumps the Grand National candidate has to "negotiate," carrying from 10st to 12½st on his back—here it may be mentioned that very seldom has the race been won at a less weight than ten stone, the last occasion being 1896, when The Soarer won, carrying 9st 13lb.

Thirty times has the Grand National horse to jump in the course of his long journey. Fourteen of these obstacles, however, are taken twice, the horses twice covering the triangle-shaped course. The two jumps cleared once only are the famous "Open Ditch" and the equally famous "Water Jump," both opposite or nearly opposite the Grand Stand, and both frequent sources of discomfiture to the field, as they complete the first circuit.

THE OBSTACLES.

The "Open Ditch," which is fifteenth in the order of jumps, consists of a thorn fence, gorsed, 5ft. 2in. high, 3ft. 6in. wide, ditch on take-off side 6ft. wide, 2ft. deep, and banked to guard rail in front 2ft. high.

The "Water Jump" (No. 16) is 16ft. wide, with a thorn fence, also gorsed, 3ft., on take-off side.

However, to begin at the starting post, here is a description of the various fences, which it should be remembered are taken twice, with the exceptions of 15 and 16.

1 and 17. Thorn fence (spruce) 4ft. 8in. high, 2ft. 6in. wide.

2 and 18. Thorn fence (packed with fir) 4ft. 7in. high, 2ft. 6in. wide.

3 and 19. Thorn fence (gorsed) 5ft. 1in. high, 2ft. 3in. wide, with ditch on take-off

side 6ft. wide, 2ft. deep, banked up to guard rail 2ft. high in front of ditch.

4 and 20. Thorn fence (fir) 4ft. 9in. high, 2ft. 6in. wide.

5 and 21. Thorn fence (gorsed) 5ft. high, 2ft. 3in. wide.

Now we come to the famous "Beecher's Brook" (6 and 22), which usually helps to thin the field the first time round. A thorn fence (packed with fir) 5ft. 1in. high, 2ft. 6in. wide, ditch on far side 6ft. 6in. wide, 3ft. 4in. deep.

FAMOUS JUMPS.

Safely over "Beecher's Brook," the horseman has a comparatively simple task in the shape of 7 and 23—a thorn fence 5ft. 2in. high, 2ft. wide.

Then comes the "Canal Turn" (8 and 24), a thorn fence (gorsed) 5ft. 1in. in height, 2ft. 6in. wide, ditch on take-off side 5ft. 9in. wide, 2ft. deep, and banked up to guard rail 2ft. high in front of ditch.

That is pretty "steep," and bang on top of it comes "Valentine's Brook" (9 and 25), which is a thorn fence (packed with fir) 4ft. 10in. high, 3ft. wide, with a natural brook on far side 6ft. 6in. wide. Many a gallant horse and rider has found a watery resting-place in "Valentine's Brook."

10 and 26 is a thorn fence (gorsed) 5ft. high, 2ft. 3in. wide, and is followed by a stiffer obstacle (11 and 27) in the shape of a thorn fence (gorsed) 5ft. high, 2ft. 6in. wide, ditch on take-off side 6ft. wide, 2ft. deep, banked to guard rail 2ft. high.

THE JOCKEY'S CHARMED LIFE.

The Ditch, 7ft. wide, 3ft. deep, is on the far side of the next thorn fence (12 and 28), which is packed with gorse and is 4ft. 10in. high, and 2ft. 3in. wide.

13 and 29 is a thorn fence (spruce) 4ft. 6in. high, 2ft. 3in. wide, and 14 and 30 is another thorn fence (packed with fir) 4ft. 7in. high and 2ft. 3in. wide. Then comes the "Open Ditch" and the "Water Jump," as already described, and the riders begin the second circuit, those of them, that is, who are still in the saddle.

Considering the severe nature of the race and obstacles, really accidents are singularly rare in the Grand National, probably because a steeplechase jockey has many more than nine lives, and can take knocks and kicks with equanimity that would kill any ordinary man.

Still falls are frequent, and out of a field of twenty and more sometimes barely half a dozen will finish.

The winner is sometimes terribly distressed and the last simple fence is often a fatal obstacle. Grand National horses, however, being as they are the pick of the jumping world, do not fail so much from inability to clear an obstacle as from extraneous causes.

The easy fences often bring them to grief because they treat them with contempt and try to "rush" or walk through them. Then horses often come down through being knocked into by other horses. The bugbear of the Grand National jockey is the horse who has unshipped his rider and persists in finishing the race alone, crossing in front of and cannoning into the other competitors.

Luck certainly plays a pretty big part in the Grand National, but no really bad horse ever won it, while the rider who can get round the course at all, even if he finish last, may plume himself on being a strong, bold, and accomplished horseman.

M. TALBOT.

THE NEED FOR CRICKET REFORM.

In view of the forthcoming general meeting of the M.C.C., various proposals for brightening county cricket are in the air. It is proposed, for example, to heighten the stumps and narrow the bat, while another idea is to decide matches in which two innings a side are not completed on the first innings.

Possibly the unattractiveness of modern cricket is not due altogether to the players.

Professional football has taught the public to like short, sharp, and usually decisive contests, and the public have no patience with three-day matches which are often left undecided.

Probably the requisite majority will not be forthcoming to pass any such revolutionary proposal as altering the height of the stumps or the width of the bat, but is it not high time that the M.C.C. officially defined an "amateur"?

A CHAMPIONSHIP QUESTION,

THE MATTER OF QUALIFYING.

The Amateur Billiards Championship, which is now in progress, raises once more the question whether the holder of a championship should compete in the preliminary rounds or stand out until he meets the opponent who has fought his way to the final and championship round.

The latter is the method followed in billiards, both amateur and professional, the competitors fighting among themselves for the right to meet the holder.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides, and sporting procedure on this point differs greatly. In professional football, for example, while certain clubs are exempted from the qualifying rounds, the Cup-holders have to compete in the first round of the competition proper, and, as a matter of history, are often knocked-out first "go-off."

The Open Golf Champion must take part in the qualifying competition, while the Amateur Golf Champion has to defend his title against all-comers, and once at least has disappeared from the competition in the first round.

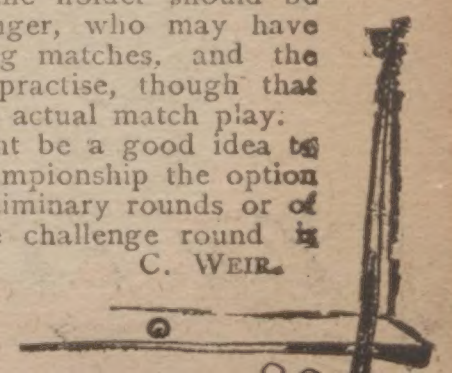
In amateur boxing, in billiards, both amateur and professional, and in lawn-tennis the holder is excused competition until the final round.

It is a privilege which many a man would be glad to refuse if he could, for it often means that the champion has to come out in cold blood, so to speak, to meet a man who has been gradually tuned up to concert pitch, is brimful of confidence from successive victories.

On the other hand, the holder should be fresher than the challenger, who may have had a series of gruelling matches, and the holder, of course, can practise, though that is not the same thing as actual match play.

On the whole, it might be a good idea to give the holder of a championship the option of competing in the preliminary rounds or of standing aside until the challenge round is reached.

C. WEIR.



A SUNKEN ROCK

A DOCTOR'S YARN.

By

S. Morse-Chaplin.

Night. And a little hammock-chaired band of us watching the phosphorescence gleaming on the wave-crests like jewels scattered by an unseen hand.

The metal-voiced American was opining, with pensiveness, that romance still clung to the sea, spite of turbines and Marconi and such-like. Murmured acquiescence here and there and silence of many.

Something in the remark turned the doctor into reminiscent vein.

"I remember . . ." he mused, and waited to be told to go on.

"It was a year or two back," he proceeded, "and not on this vessel, but another one, where I was deputising on an out-and-home journey for a doctor who had taken sick-leave. We had a wireless installation on board, under the charge of two young operators, the senior of whom was by name Jimmy Gaskell.

"He was a taking youngster, with fair hair and a crisp, clean-cut look about him. It was his first trip with our people, and he soon became popular with everybody—from the bridge down to the stokehold. As straight a chap, by general consent, as ever stepped across a gangway.

"We made the trip out without any incident, and then started homewards, calling at the usual ports for passengers and cargo.

"At Delogoa Bay we picked up three second-class passengers of an unusual kind. One was a slightly-built, bearded man, with a sharp, clever face, and an atmosphere of culture. The other two were of commoner stamp, and obviously in attendance on him.

"We imagined at first that the bearded man was a mental case with a suicidal tendency, for one or the other of his attendants was always with him when he came on deck, and invariably walked between him and the rail. But two days later I was called in to treat him for a touch of malarial fever, and then I learnt, to my surprise, that he was none other than Samuel Harkaway, the man who broke into Murchison's in Bond Street and cleared off with jewellery worth £35,000, leaving the watchman as good as done for with a cracked skull. The attendants, of course, were Scotland Yard men, and the criminal having a desperate record, two had been sent to fetch him home instead of one. However, it was nothing to do with me professionally, and I kept the secret.

"At Capetown we took on board a very different type of passenger. Description is difficult, but if ever there was a lovely girl, and a tip-top thoroughbred into the bargain, it was she—Maggie Warrender!

"She dressed very plainly, in brown holland and a scarlet belt, with her dark hair coiled simply on the nape of her neck, and never a ring or a jewel about her. Yet in twenty-four hours she could have called every man on board to heel, with a movement of her slim white hand or a glance from her eye. We were all in love with her, and all temporarily irresponsible.

"Yes—myself included," confessed the doctor, with a wry smile and no smile in his eyes.

He went on: "As for Jimmy Gaskell, I never saw anyone so demented in my life. It was a privately-passed joke that more than one Marconi receiving station would have to record the cryptic message 'Maggie' without any further elucidation. The best of being a Marconi operator, we all said, was that one could declare one's passion to the whole world!

"The girl, too, seemed almost as much smitten as he was. She left the rest of us alone in a gallingly brief space of time. When he was off duty, which he artfully contrived to be in the evening, they used to sit for hours in the lee of a boat, and the first officer, who certainly was jealous, swore that he heard them kissing one night. However, Jimmy somehow didn't seem as happy as he should have been. He took to going about with a strained look about the mouth, and his manner was nervous and irritable—clearly symptomatic of repressed mental excitement.

"Off Ushant, two wireless messages in different codes came through, which the Captain showed me, knowing I was aware of the identity of Harkaway. They were both to the same purport. One was from the owners to the Captain, and the other from Scotland Yard to the police-officers—giving instructions that the prisoner with his escort was not to be taken on to Southampton, but that a police tug would be waiting in readiness off Plymouth.

"I saw them disembark myself. The tug came creeping up to us through a mist, and a couple of men in the uniform of police inspectors were on deck, and came aboard to exchange a few words with the Captain. Then we saw the last of them.

"At Southampton a staggerer awaited us. We were boarded by another official, who held a writ for the handing over of the prisoner. We could give no explanation save a narration of facts, and after profitless talking and suppositions, Jimmy Gaskell was sent for.

"He could not be found! Nor could Maggie Warrender! And at last we began to see daylight.

"Not that verification was forthcoming for several hours. And in that interval, a few of us who were loyal to Jimmy, and—yes—unable to believe ill of Miss Warrender, swore that there was some ghastly mistake . . ."

He paused, and went on in a strictly conversational voice.

"There wasn't, however. Jimmy Gaskell had forged the telegrams. The tug was manned by Harkaway's confederates; and he got clear away. The two attendants were found in an open boat some days later, bound with ropes, and perishing of hunger and exposure. Meanwhile, Jimmy Gaskell had shot himself in apartments at Bournemouth."

There was a silence.

"It was assumed," continued the doctor, "that he was waiting for her—and waited in vain. She was Samuel Harkaway's wife, you know . . . ."

There seemed to be nothing else to add to this.

But someone asked:

"Think Jimmy Gaskell knew that?"

The doctor was not a man customarily given to expletives. He sat up, and answered heatedly:

"By heaven, no!"

No one spoke again for a minute. Then the pensive American remarked—softly—as though to himself:

"Seems to me women like that are . . . the sunken rocks of life."

We presently talked of other things.

A CIGARETTE POINT.

Men who smoke cigarettes of the "5 a penny" variety may be interested to know that they spend more on their tobacco than the man who pays 3d. for ten.

The first-mentioned variety of cigarettes works out at about thirty-six to the ounce, which thus costs just over 7d., while the ten for threepence kind run to about twenty to the ounce, which thus works out at 6d.

It is easy to see, therefore, that it is really false economy to buy so-called "cheap" cigarettes, for though they can be obtained in smaller quantities, they are actually more expensive in the long run.

COLOUR DEGREES.

SHOWING THE EXACT EFFECT OF A TOUCH OF THE "TAR BRUSH."

Many English people apply the term Creole to any person of mixed white and black blood, but this is incorrect. Strictly speaking a "Creole" is a person of pure European blood born in the West Indies, and the faintest touch of the "tar-brush" disqualifies a man from the title of Creole.

Where the proportions of white and black blood are equal, the progeny is a mulatto.

A quadroon is the offspring of a mulatto and a white, that is, he has one quarter of black blood in him, while an octoroon is born of a quadroon and a white, and one-eighth of his blood is black.

There does not appear to be any distinctive name for the children of an octoroon and a white, but such unions often give surprising results. Octoroon women are sometimes very beautiful and to all appearances as white as any European. The writer remembers one who was a perfect blonde.

But when they marry, the black strain is apt to reappear in their children, even when the father is a pure white.

Out of, say, four children, born of such a match, three may show no trace of colour, but the fourth will be negroid in type, and sometimes as black as your hat.

Sometimes, too, the taint will skip a whole generation to reappear in the grandchildren or great-grandchildren. Negro blood is never entirely eradicated, and in many an aristocratic English and American family you can trace the tar-brush by some bygone adventurer in the Southern States of America or in the West Indies.

In India, the person of mixed European and Asiatic blood is known as a Eurasian. They are mainly of Portuguese descent, and their degree of white blood is popularly reckoned at so many annas in the rupee.

There are sixteen annas to the rupee, and a half-bred Eurasian is said to go eight annas in the rupee, while the children of a Eurasian and a white would be twelve annas in the rupee people.

Half-breeds are generally supposed to combine the worst characteristics of both parents, but one may meet some very decent mulattos and quadroons.

L. Masters.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Recalcitrants

By
ADAM STERN.

Men were deceivers ever.—POPULAR FALLACY.

Mr. Reginald Knight, stockbroker's clerk, residing at 47, Dereholme Road, Denmark Hill, London, S.E., kissed his wife as usual when setting out for business that morning, and said to her: "I shall be working late at the office to-night, dear. Monthly balance, you know. Don't be alarmed if I'm not home till the last train."

And it was a wholly reprehensible lie.

The truth of the matter was that there was a new, sinuous, and altogether delightful classical dancer at the "Novelty," whom he was particularly anxious to see; and his not-long-wedded wife had no liking for new, sinuous, and altogether delightful classical dancers.

Otherwise he might have taken her with him.

So at half-past six or thereabouts we have him strolling unhurriedly along the Strand—not at all a bad-looking young man, it may be mentioned—a cigarette in his mouth and divided thoughts in his head.

Whether to indulge in the succulent steak from the silver grill or to betake himself hence to a certain restaurant in Soho, where two shillings would purchase a delightful, palate-titillating French dinner, was the question.

And he was still debating it, coming at length to a ruminative halt at one of the street corners, when adventure befell. A young lady diverged from the straight course of pedestrian traffic, and impulsively approached him.

She was unquestionably pretty, and no less certainly a lady. She had clear, candid eyes and brown hair, and the flush of health in her cheeks, and a smile at once innocent and sweetly impudent.

She was about to speak; words were visibly trembling on the smiling, half-parted lips, when Reginald's stare—the quick, suspicious stare of the city man—disorganised her.

She hesitated—blushed—became confused.

"Oh, I thought," she began; then, "I do beg your pardon, really!"

"Not at all," murmured Reginald, with an involuntarily answering smile, and fingers feeling for his hat.

"I was quite sure for the moment——"

"That I was someone else," he adding, gallantly helping her out. "Well, I'm not. I almost wish I were."

"Do you?" she said. "Why?"

"Well, if I were, I should be the person you expected me to be, not the person I am. And then," he added, thrilling at his own daring, "we should know each other, shouldn't we?"

"We should, of course," she agreed. "But as it is——"

She smiled afresh, taking stock of him with frank interest. He felt unaccountably light-headed all in a moment.

"I wish we could pretend we do know each other," said Reginald. "It would be an awful lark! Wouldn't it?"

She did not answer, but her eyes were dancing.

"Come on! Just for fun!" he urged.

She hesitatingly shook her head.

"You could, you know," he went on, "say you were my cousin from the country, and I had met you——"

"How did you guess that I *am* from the country?" she said, breaking in.

"I didn't guess it. You're not; are you?"

"I am. It's because I look provincial, I'll bet anything! I told mother this frock was wickedly old-fashioned, but she would have me bring it."

"You don't look anything of the kind," he denied warmly. "You look just——"

"I wasn't fishing," she said, pulling a face at him; and instantly composing it.

He laughed at this symptom of school-girlishness, and went on:

"Look here; do you know what I should do if you were really my cousin? I should say 'Come along, now! we'll thoroughly enjoy ourselves to-night.' We'd first of all have a little *recherché* dinner. Then we'd go to one of the theatres; a musical play, perhaps. Do you like musical plays?"

"Love them," she said.

"Then," he went on, encouraged, "we'd have supper. Somewhere where there's an orchestra. And afterwards I'd take you back safely to where you're staying, and—well, that would be all!"

"Wouldn't it be *lovely*!" she said.

"Would you come if you really could?" asked Reginald, with a feeling that discretion was deserting him.

"I don't know," this wistfully. "I daren't. I should get in a frightful row."

"But with a cousin?" He became very winning and persuasive. He took a masterful step. "Look here, *come*," he said.

"I don't know you, you see."

"That's easily remedied. My name's Reginald. Reginald Knight. I'm in the stockbroking business, and not a bad sort, if you'll accept self-recommendation. That is, I should look after you all right, and be—all a cousin ought to be."

Her eyes glinted more mischievously still. She seemed to be liking him better and better every minute. They drew aside from the passing pedestrians.

"Now, say you will," he added, coaxingly.

The ridiculous part of it was that he did not actually want her to consent. He was only playing with an alluring possibility, and never dreaming that it might come to pass.

"I," she hesitated, "I have promised to go to a friend's for the evening."

"By yourself?"

"Yes. You see, I'm up here with father, and he's engaged to-night, so, having nothing to do, I wired my friend asking her if she would be in, and she replied 'Yes,' and therefore . ."

The little pause was eloquently rueful.

"You mean," said Reginald, "that you're free except for that?"

"Yes."

"Where are you staying?"

"At a private hotel in Buckingham Street."

"What time do you expect your father to return?"

"Not till after twelve, I think."

"Well, couldn't you send your friend another wire, saying you're prevented from coming—and come instead with me?"

"Father might get to know that I hadn't been, and then there'd be frightful ructions."

They regarded each other with mutual commiseration.

"I'll tell you what we might do," she began. But stopped herself.

"Yes; go on," urged Reginald.

"No; it wouldn't be right. After all, we're strangers, and I couldn't let you spend your money on me."

"Nonsense!" said Reginald.

"If I came, I should pay my own share."

"You certainly would not," said Reginald, indignantly, though he wondered at the rear of his mind whether he had even enough to pay for himself.

"Then I shan't come at all," she announced, independently.

They discussed the matter.

Reginald held out; weakened; generously capitulated.

"Now what were you going to suggest?" he asked.

"I thought, if there was time, I might go and see my friend first and tell her. She's an old school-friend, you know, not long married. She was always fond of a bit of fun, and I'm sure she wouldn't 'let on' if I asked her not to."

"Great idea!" said Reginald, enthusiastically. He was committed now, and in the spirit for anything.

"You'll have to be Cousin Reginald, of course, and, of course, I shall say I met you accidentally, which is true."

"Quite true," said Reginald.

"You'd better come with me, if you don't mind, in case she should try to persuade me to stop. I'm sure you'll like her. She's awfully sweet."

"As sweet as you?" asked Reginald, daringly.

She glanced at him under her lashes, and made the schoolgirl grimace again. It occurred to Reginald, in quite an innocent way, that one of the pleasantest things in life would be to kiss her.

"Where does your friend live?" he asked.

"I was just going there now. It's some distance out, I fear. I've not been before . . . . I thought of taking a taxi."

"We'll take a taxi," said Reginald, who had already formed the idea.

He hailed one. He handed her in. He had an instant's terrific startlement that he should be carrying on in this way when he genuinely was fond of his wife and had no intention of grossly deceiving her; then he asked:

"Where shall I tell him to drive to?"

"Denmark Hill," she answered, settling her skirt.

Reginald experienced a peculiar instability, as though the pavement had suddenly rocked. He himself lived at Denmark Hill.

Conquering a variety of impulses, he repeated the vague instruction to the driver, and got in beside her. For several minutes he ventured no word.

She was looking out of the window, with the interest of one unused to London traffic. He, on his part, was quailing before a catastrophic contingency.

What if this friend of hers was a friend also of theirs! A friend of his wife's and his own!

At all costs he must ascertain.

They were passing over Westminster Bridge—that wondrous night-scene of mystical lights! He stole a glance at her, observing the youthful profile, the rapt, fascinated eyes. After all, she was nothing more than a child, enjoying the delights of an audacious adventure.

He regained courage.

"You haven't told me the name of your friend yet," he reminded her. "If I'm your cousin, you know . . . ."

"You don't even know mine," she said, turning to him frankly.

"No."

"And beyond yours I'm quite in the dark. You may be married, for all I know."

"Oh, no! Single." Reginald assured her.

"Engaged?" she queried.

"Quite heart-whole—or at least until lately."

"How long ago?" she inquired demurely.

"Ten minutes at the outside."

"You must be dreadfully susceptible!"

"I am."

He masterfully took possession of her hands.

She peeped upwards at him—and then edged a little nearer to

him, exactly as a confidential child would have done.

"I say!" she chuckled. "This *is* an awful spree."

"Isn't it," agreed Reginald.

He felt it to be his duty to put his arm round her—strictly in a cousinly way.

She cuddled closer.

"You're a funny kid," said Reginald.

Her hat was below his chin and he could not see her face. But he caught a smothered laugh.

The laugh irritated him.

"This may be a spree for you," he informed her severely, "but it's jolly lucky for you it's with the right sort of man."

"Why?"

"Never mind why."

"Going to preach?" she said, and sat up.

She looked at him with a sort of recollected dignity.

"I think it's about time I did," said Reginald.

"Oh, very well. She laid her cheek on his coat again. "Don't be *too* cross," she said, and gave way to a cosy drowsiness.

Reginald began to feel embarrassed. This was not only indiscretion but recklessness.

He preached at her steadily for a quarter of an hour, becoming more parental every minute.

An interruption was occasioned by the driver, who slowed up and looked round. Reginald put his head out of the window.

He withdrew it.

"Whereabouts in Denmark Hill?" he asked.

"Dereholme Road," she answered.

"Dereholme Road?" said Reginald, in a suddenly failing voice.

He sat down.

"Whatever's the matter?" she anxiously ejaculated.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." He wiped his brow with his handkerchief. "A little warm, that's all. Dereholme Road, I think you said?"

"Yes. Hadn't you better tell him? He's waiting."

"Oh, yes. Certainly."

He resumed his seat with a sickly smile. Dereholme Road was not five minutes' drive away, and he was known by sight to practically every person who lived in it!

One question was shrieking itself hoarse in his brain—"What number? What number? What number?" But he feared the answer too much to give utterance to it.

He retreated as far as possible into the shadow.

"I think," he began quaveringly, "I think after all I won't come in to see y-your friends. They m-might think it f-funny. I'll w-wait outside in the cab for you."

He planned to dash away the moment he had the slightest opportunity.

"You mustn't do that" she said. "I shouldn't think of it, not after your coming all this way! Besides, if they don't see you for themselves, they'll think I'm fibbing."

"You seem to have a very bad character among your friends," he ventured, with hollow facetiousness.

"I have. Shocking!" she admitted contentedly.

She displayed no excitement now that the ordeal was at hand. Laughing under her breath, she put her head out of the window, and called in a clear voice to the driver—"The number is 47, please!"

A minute later the taxi drew up.

Reginald, wet-headed and obmutescent, was still contending desperately with the agony of despair.

She jumped out of the taxi without his help, and ran lightly up the little front garden to the door of number 47.

She rang the bell, and stood breathless and expectantly smiling.

A maid answered. Reginald saw his wife follow close behind her.

There was a quick hug, and the clear voice again:

"Reginald! Reginald! where are you?"

No Reginald appeared.

"Isn't he silly?" laughed his late companion. "I met him in the Strand, you know. I recognised him by the photograph you sent me of your wedding group. Wasn't it *lucky?* Yes, I thought at first I had made a mistake, but he soon reassured me. Oh, here he is!"

Reginald was emerging slowly, looking downwards and dusting a trouser leg.

"Dropped my handkerchief," he called. "It's all right."

He wavered towards them.

"Well, how wonderful!" exclaimed his wife. "I suppose you got away from the office earlier than you expected?"

"Yes—I—yes, that was it," said Reginald.

"He was just coming home when I saw him," said the clear voice.

A little gloved hand squeezed Reginald's. He derived encouragement and a sense of safety from it.

"I was forgetting; I'll discharge the cab," he said, moving away briskly.

And as he returned and entered the hall, which his wife had momentarily left in order to speak to the servant, he encountered rosy cheeks and laughingly mischievous eyes.

"I won't give you away," she said. "If you're good."

"You little devil!" was all the retort he could muster.

FRUIT AND COMMON SENSE.

AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN EVERY MAN'S DIET.

Every sensible man knows that a sufficiency of fresh fruit is necessary to his health, but many men eat fruit at the wrong time, and thus cause it to do them more harm than good.

Probably you know the old saying of an apple: Gold in the morning, silver in the afternoon, lead in the evening, but that is only a partial truth.

An evening meal of fruit would not hurt anybody, but what so many people do is to "top up" after a heavy dinner with apples, oranges, nuts, and so on.

This is wrong, because fruit contains a great deal of nutriment, and it would be just as sensible to eat a beefsteak after a five-course dinner as to finish a substantial meat meal with a lavish dessert.

On the other hand, fruit before a meal is not a bad thing, as it is quickly digested. Then why not eat it after dinner? you may say. The answer to that is that after dinner the stomach is fully occupied in dealing with the often indigestible viands that have been put into it, and it has no energy left to digest fruit which in the ordinary way it would assimilate at once.

Taken before a meal, however, the digestive organs easily dispose of fruit without becoming too tired to deal with more solid viands.

Still, fruit is best taken as a separate meal. Try a fruit breakfast, or a fruit luncheon once in a way, and it will be surprising if you do not feel all the better for it.

Fresh fruit is much better than cooked, for cooking often destroys the most valuable qualities of fruit.

Different fruits, of course, have different uses. Bananas are rich in phosphorus, and raisins, figs, dates, and nearly all nuts are most nourishing. Apples, grapes, and strawberries, though they do not contain much nutriment, are rich in valuable acids.

French plums are particularly good for nervous people and sedentary workers. Gooseberries, raspberries, and currants should only be eaten when ripe and sweet, otherwise they are very apt to upset the liver.

There is, of course, a big difference between becoming a vegetarian crank and adding a little more fruit to your usual diet.

G. B. Sparkes.

WHO KNOWS ENGLAND BEST?

MEN WHO TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE THROUGH THE LAND.

It may be that in modern life, in which we are crowded into towns, the spirit of exploration cannot flourish. A long course of town life will undoubtedly rob a man of his passion for the open road. Probably most men gradually lose the secret of the roaming life, and become deaf to the call of the hills and the downs after long residence in cities.

It is perhaps as well that they should, or life would become insupportable to them. To have to work day after day in a city, while before one's mental vision there floats a distant view of a far-stretching horizon, with fields and farms and streams and byways vaguely outlined, were purgatory indeed.

Yet there are a few who, though immured in cities, are yet able to keep in touch with the land they love so deeply.

Such men are seldom given to proclaiming their devotion, but now and again one meets them in unexpected places.

One, for instance, was introduced to the world a few days ago, through the restless columns of a daily newspaper. This man, it appeared, though by profession a lawyer, and working hard in the dulness and drudgery of a county court, of all places, had yet kept burning in his heart an intense passion for walking all over old England.

He confessed to having always had "something akin to a passion for a map." To find his way through the diverse scenery of England, from hill-country to plain, from levels to pastoral undulations, from village to country town, and so on through delightful English countrysides, had provided this sportsman, this healthy Englishman, with a lifetime's enjoyment.

Reading of his journeys over England on foot many of us envied his tramps, his opportunities, his knowledge of the land.

But chiefly we wished for an opportunity to compare notes, to compare journeys, maps, adventures on the road, and all such experiences and things with him.

The man with a "passion for a map" too seldom meets with others similarly absorbed. It is a passion that can exist in isolation, but it can be infinitely extended when shared.

Doubtless among my fellow-readers there are commercial travellers and others who have been able, happily, to combine business duties with the accumulation of knowledge of rural England, and their experiences and the extent of their wanderings could not fail to be of interest.

It would, indeed, be most interesting to try to find one who could be said to know England better than anyone else.

If they could write or could be made to talk, or could be trusted to speak the truth when they did speak, some of the wandering cattlemen, drovers, and van-dwellers might be able to claim a fairly extensive knowledge of the land of their birth or adoption. Many van-dwellers make long tours right through the country, keeping to some sort of a regular time-table for their arrival at various points.

Canal men, too, bargees and others, have a fairly wide knowledge of the sort, and probably some of them could show a strong claim.

But the man who with his eyes open has made the exploration of his country a hobby and a study would be the more likely to carry off the title.

To such a man as he who inspired these speculations on the subject, the pleasure in such voyaging must be intense. With health, a good map, and a little money, a man can find unlimited enjoyment as a wanderer in England.

M. Bruce.

CRUSADES AGAINST SPORT

MISTAKEN NOTIONS OF WELL-MEANING HUMANITARIANS.

There is no lack of money or energy among that strange class of persons whose life-aim it seems to be to "put down" each and every sort of sport that the Englishman indulges in for the good of his health and for the enjoyment of life.

These well-meaning but much misguided folk seem to be labouring under some very firmly-rooted misconceptions as to what sport really means, and as to what cruelty means. They are appallingly ignorant, at any rate, concerning such elemental matters as the conditions of life and death reigning among all creatures of the wild when left to themselves.

Judging by their writings and speeches they appear to think that wild creatures exist in a sort of mutual admiration society, in which rights are mutually respected, and in which there is no such thing as a ferocious fang or a gleaming greedy eye.

FACTS THAT MUST BE FACED.

If they could be brought to realise the perpetual warfare, the fierce struggle for each other's blood, that goes on incessantly all the year round in the woods and fields, they would do themselves a great service, and their cause would gain thereby.

That there is cruelty, unnecessary cruelty, inflicted on some animals in some sports is, of course, true. One cannot live the vigorous sporting life without at times causing pain; but my view is that compared with the internal and savage warfare that goes on among the creatures of the world, apart from any occasional irruption of the human sportsman, the cruelty of sport is small indeed.

Most well-meaning humanitarians are people who live the screened and shielded life of the towns. To their great loss they have never been brought up amid the everlasting fight that is in progress among all wild creatures.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

What they have missed may have saved them many an attack of sickness at sights they might have witnessed, but it has prevented them from taking a sane view of much that is included in the term, the "struggle for existence."

If consistency is their object, it would help them towards this end if they were to begin a campaign for the conversion of the savage creatures of air and earth. Let them inculcate, to begin with, a gentle spirit of forbearance and mutual affection between the cat and the mouse, or between the cat and the caged canary in their drawing-rooms.

From this they might go on to send missions to the stoat and the weasel, with the humane object of teaching them the sinfulness of a taste for rabbits' blood. If they convert the stoats to a vegetarian diet, they could well turn their attention to the unpleasant habit of the snake of swallowing whole and more or less alive any small living bit-bits in the way of mice, frogs, birds, beetles, &c., for which he at present shows such a degrading partiality.

CRUELTY OF NATURE.

Indeed, such suggestions might be multiplied indefinitely, but to do so were useless. It is sufficient to say that the conditions of life are such, among wild creatures, as to prove that there is no standard humanitarianism among them. Each creature is out to fight, and to win or die, and the "cruelties" are inseparably part and parcel of the game, and are accepted as such.

The suggestion that sport is more cruel than nature is to "talk through your hat"; is to show that you know practically nothing of the subject you are talking about; and is enough to prove that the serene outward appearance of things in human and wild nature has completely taken you in.

You are not even remotely cognisant of the ways of nature.

No fox-hunt is more "cruel"—if one must use a much misused word—than the fate of the worm whose tail end is caught by a hungry thrush. It's a case of pull worm, pull bird, and the bird hangs on till the worm, stretched—alive—to its utmost limits, snaps in the middle, and the thrush swallows one end—still wriggling—while the other end retires underground.

To shoot driven pheasants does not involve one quarter the "cruelty" that is involved in the most necessary process of getting a meal, which every hawk or owl feels to be necessary.

EVERY-DAY INCIDENTS.

Humanitarians who declaim against the "battue" and the so-called demoralising effects of pheasant shooting, should go out in the fields and watch a hawk having lunch. Let them watch its long, sharp claws clutch into the feathery softness of a hedge sparrow; let them watch its hooked and "cruel" beak tear the little creature into pieces and devour it; let them hear the awful terror in the cry of a bird when at last the talon grips it.

Or let them wander afield again and see the "cruel" stoat stalk a rabbit. Watch its sudden pounce upon the terrified creature, and see its evil-looking snout go deep into the fur of the hapless rabbit's neck. There's a life-and-death struggle in this everyday incident that would do a great good to many soft sentimentalists.

SPORT AS EDUCATOR.

I hold that sport brings more clearly before any man the essential warfare of life, than any other process could do. It opens his eyes to the eternal rivalries between individuals, classes, whole tribes of creatures; it brings him face to face with realities; and so is a great educator.

The nation that voluntarily gives up blood sports is also letting slip manhood and true strength, and is on the way to second grade rank and softness and effeminacy. May England never cease to hunt and shoot.

As to what constitutes wanton cruelty few people, surely, can be in doubt; but the sane common sense of Englishmen can certainly be trusted to draw the line between that and legitimate sport.

R. C. Marden.

TO SPORTSMEN.

An excellent medium for buying what you want and selling what you don't want is our "Readers' Sale and Exchange" on page iii. of the cover.

THE "KIDNEY PUNCH."

OUGHT IT TO BE BARRED?

The increasing use of the kidney punch—that is, a blow aimed at the kidneys—in boxing contests raises the question whether this particular blow should not be declared illegal.

Popular opinion is certainly against the kidney punch. Great favourite as he is in Wales, Freddy Welsh was soundly hooted for persistently playing for the kidneys in his recent match with Jim Driscoll at Cardiff. In mentioning this, I do not intend to cast any reflection on Welsh's sportsmanship.

The kidney punch is permitted by the rules—at least it is not specifically barred—and Welsh was perfectly justified in employing tactics which, in fact, irritated and upset Driscoll until he lost his head.

Still the crowd hooted Welsh, and at the Lang v. Langford fiasco a competitor in one of the preliminary bouts was booed for using the kidney punch. At the same time, the kidney punch is not exactly a novelty, and as the National Sporting Club have taken no steps to bar or discourage it, obviously there must be something to be said in favour of it.

And, indeed, there is no getting away from the fact that it is permitted by the rules, and there is some force in the argument that if you start tinkering with the rules you will never know where to stop.

Then it is said that the kidney punch is the only way of effectively punishing a man who persistently clinches.

On the other hand, two wrongs do not make a right, and it would never do to admit as a principle that foul or unsportsmanlike tactics should be repaid in kind.

After all, if a man won't fight and continually clinches to avoid punishment, the referee has ample power to disqualify him.

On the whole, the strongest defence of the kidney punch is the fact that it is not a new thing, and the authorities have not seen fit to abolish it. It is inconceivable that sportsmen like Lord Lonsdale, Mr. Eugene Corri, Mr. Bettinson, and other supporters of boxing would permit the kidney punch if it were against the best interests of pure sport.

Now let us look at the other side. It is claimed that the kidney punch is not boxing. Certainly no points should be allowed for it.

The rules state that "Marks shall be awarded for 'attack,' direct clean hits with the knuckle part of the glove of either hand on any part of *the front or sides of the head or body above the belt*" (the italics are mine).

Clearly, then, no points should be allowed for any blow on the back of the head or body.

It follows, therefore, that the kidney punch is used only to hurt or weaken a man, and that scarcely seems consistent with the spirit of boxing.

Moreover, no skill is required to administer the blow, while on the other hand it is difficult to guard except by holding.

A strong point, however, against the kidney punch is that it is difficult to make it effective when fairly delivered.

Try it for yourself, and you will see that to hit a man over the kidneys with the knuckle part of the glove, as prescribed by the rules, the arm has to be so doubled in that it is almost impossible to put any force behind the blow—at least, that is so in a clinch, and nine out of ten kidney blows are struck in clinches.

But if you hit with the side of the wrist, then you can give a very effective blow—a foul blow, however, and most kidney punches are foul.

A recent manslaughter case in Liverpool shows that the Public Prosecutor is taking the matter up and considers the blow illegal.

G. H. Rice.

A STUDY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

MRS GEDGER

Mrs. Gedger had her best silk skirt on, and if you had known Mrs. Gedger you would realise what that meant. She was adorned also with the gold chain that had been the late Mr. Gedger's mother's possession a very long time ago. Her hair, that boasted but little of its former glossy black, and was mostly steel-grey, was done up with a chignon, a fashion redolent of the days when Queen Victoria was very young and Mrs. Gedger very beautiful. The chignon remained. The beauty had gone.

There was actually a board outside Mrs. Gedger's house, and freshly gold-lettered on a shining ground of black were the words, "Chatsworth Villa. Permanent Apartments for Single Gentlemen." And the fanlight repeated that it was Chatsworth Villa.

As she waited, watching the clock very nervously, she fell to wondering whether Alice (most troublesome of servants) had remembered to dust the fanlight.

"Young gentlemen," she had told Alice, "notice things so."

And then, in answer to the wild beating of Mrs. Gedger's heart, came the knocking on the door.

Mrs. Gedger sat up straight-backed in her chair with exaggerated dignity.

Below stairs, in the kitchen, Alice continued to sing, oblivious of the knocking.

"Alice! Alice! didn't you hear the door?"

Mrs. Gedger had had to relinquish her dignity at last, and while the girl leisurely proceeded to put on her cap and apron, Mrs. Gedger preened herself down in front after the manner of a cassowary particular about its toilet.

The girl bustled past her mistress and opened the door.

Two young men, infinitely more nervous than Mrs. Gedger, stood on the mat, blushing furiously.

Mrs. Gedger advanced.

"You are the two gentlemen that——"

She paused.

"Answered the advertisement," said one, a little calmer on regarding Mrs. Gedger's peaceable aspect. "My name's Welling—this is my friend, Pinner."

Mrs. Gedger bowed as to an introduction.

"Won't you come into this room?" said the lady, leading the way.

Pinner quailed on the mat and went, if possible, pinker.

"That's all right, old boy," his friend whispered. "The old girl looks a decent sort."

Once inside, confidences were quickly exchanged.

"You would like to see your rooms?" Mrs. Gedger suggested at length.

"I suppose we ought?" said Pinner.

"Yes, you *ought*," said Mrs. Gedger smiling a little.

"You see," said Welling frankly, "we've just come straight from the country—straight from home. We've never been in—er—apartments before."

"Then we're all amateurs," Mrs. Gedger ventured to observe. "I've not let rooms before. . . . Mr. Gedger, you see, did not leave quite enough to keep up . . . felt I could not leave my home for . . . smaller place, so——"

Mrs. Gedger's remarks were for a space indistinct. They waited respectfully till she brought herself to the present again and discoursed of breakfasts.

"And now you must come and see the rooms."

On this word they were shown two apartments which gave eloquent proof of Mrs. Gedger's oft-repeated statement, to all her neighbours, and to Alice herself, that Alice *could* work when she liked.

"But there's one thing more," said Pinner, prompting, when Welling had pronounced everything "just like home," "the socks an' things, you know, Welling."

"Oh, yes, socks and things, Mrs. Gedger," said Welling.

"We can sew on buttons ourselves, I daresay," said Pinner. ("Go on, Welling.")

"But we shall want you to darn our socks—and things—if you will," Welling blurted out.

The motherly light (that Providence had seen fit to quench many sad years ago) was reborn in the soft, brown eyes of Mrs. Gedger, lodging-house keeper.

"You silly boys!" she said, reassuringly, and turned her face lest the strange young men should see the tears that were brimming up to the lids and threatening to fall.

* * * * * * *

Time had gone on and given the handle of "Trooper" to the names of Pinner and Welling, when by indirect consequence thereof a vision of a strange-looking Mrs. Gedger is presented to you. It is a Mrs. Gedger without the chignon, without the silk bodice, minus the gold chain, and innocent of the silk skirt.

It is a Mrs. Gedger in a dressing-gown, and with the day-time glories of the chignon style reduced to the reality of a small knot on top of her head—a fashion carrying with it a suggestion of Mr. George Robey at his best.

She is shivering a little and surely is no romantic figure by the light of a half-burnt candle. Her watch, a memento of the late Mr. Gedger, is ticking on into the small hours. . . . A Yeomanry Dinner night, she knows it is. Yet the dinner was over surely long ago? A thought regarding "those foolish boys" and a certain acquaintance of theirs—a wealthy young man who is fond of dispensing whisky to all and sundry of those who will in return give him the satisfaction of seeing some marked effect of his hospitality—has sprung to the mind of the landlady. (Mrs. Gedger, you see, had brothers at that period when she had most things—"once." Wherefore she knows young men.)

At the back of her mind there is a reflection that the late Mr. Gedger had, on occasion, to be waited on like this. She crushes the bitterness out of the thought as well as she may and tries to think only of the practical side. . . . At such times Mr. Gedger, she recollected, was afflicted with a determination to go to bed in his boots, so that she, of course . . .

Realising what assistance she had had to render to her husband made Mrs. Gedger grasp the candle and make speedily for the looking-glass, by the aid of which she examined her face very carefully, searching hard for as many lines and signs of old age as she could possibly find. She was most relieved when she discovered that she could call herself naught but an "old woman."

And then came the uncertain stumbling on the tiled path from the gate to the house door, the senseless laughter of two inebriated young men, the paroxysms on the door step, and finally the unsuccessful fumbling at the latch—which Trooper Pinner might have found if it had miraculously shifted to the letter-box, into the flap of which he had thrust the key.

Mrs. Gedger grasped the candle and emerged from her bedroom. Outside Welling, disgusted with Pinner's feeble efforts, had succeeded in finding the keyhole, but had negatived that brilliant move somewhat by attempting to put the key into the lock upside down. But the latch remained as disobliging as ever.

Mrs. Gedger, mindful of the night when Mr. Gedger had fallen in on his nose, opened the door cautiously and with her weight against it. But let it be written to the credit of Troopers Welling and Pinner that they were not so bad as all that.

Instinctively they pulled themselves together and walked quickly and without a falter into the dining-room.

"Shan't want anything to-night, Mrs. Gedger, thank you," said Pinner, with a super-human effort.

Mrs. Gedger, however, did not take her dismissal. She knew of the effects of a hot room on the inebriated. She looked at the greening Pinner. She saw she was very right.

"Don't you mind me," she said, making her exit and returning very swiftly with that which was needful, "I'm only an old woman."

The next morning two pale digs-men were asking how they might repay their landlady, how they could atone.

Mrs. Gedger was mixing some fizzy stuff, even as they spoke.

"Both of you," she said, "must take a glass of this."

Again it was the memory of Mr. Gedger's "next mornings" that assisted her.

* * * * * * *

Now, it must be admitted that Mrs. Gedger rebelled a little at first. She did not care for the mantelpiece to be turned into a picture gallery, she said, especially as photographs of damsels, some of them not particularly "nice" (as she put it), were the disturbing elements. Yet they formed outward and visible signs of the inward and amorous hearts of Messrs. Pinner and Welling, men grown now and bearing the character, with Mrs. Gedger, of "roving butterflies."

But she realised before long that young men must go through this period or remain unfitted for combat with a carnivorous world that never did have a preference for a milksop diet. As a sensible woman she bore with it, and became delighted when the hosts of inconsequent letters, which Pinner and Welling exhibited one to the other, were replaced by occasional ones, which neither showed under any circumstances.

In these days Mrs. Gedger's hair was entirely grey, and she did not move so quickly as in those faraway times when the two comparative boys first answered that advertisement. Yet she assisted with avidity at the tearing up of the picture gallery—all save Two, and she insisted upon having these Two suitably framed at her own cost—before she should entertain the originals to a little plain dinner to commemorate the rings on their engagement fingers.

Both Pinner and Welling had been without the best friend of all young men for years. Mrs. Gedger felt that she was doing just what was proper under the circumstances. Anyhow, proper or no, her heart dictated it.

At that dinner she inspected the Two and fell to wondering whether they knew how to make good gravy, whether they would be careful, economical, loving wives. . . . And, allowing for the imperfections of all modern girls, she gave a qualified benediction.

When they had gone she retired to her own room, and Alice, converted into the "treasure" all house-wives are seeking, helped to get her to rest. . . . In these days even the George Robey-like top-knot was hard of accomplishment to old arms.

The following cold spring there was often

...r in the bedroom, and one day he spoke ...sly to the young men.

"I have not told her, but she won't last very long," said the doctor.

And at that very moment Alice, entering, demanded their presence, by undeniable request, in the sick-room.

Mrs. Gedger eyed them severely.

"That doctor's a fool," she said, "if he thinks he can deceive me. Mr. Pinner—Mr. Welling, come nearer. I've something to say to you. Come closer."

They approached.

"I give you, as arranged, due notice to leave," said Mrs. Gedger. "Be sure to tell your wives, when you get 'em, to see that the servants air your underthings well."

AN EGYPTIAN PLAGUE.

Our soldiers in Egypt, more especially those stationed at Cairo, suffer much from "Dengue fever," which is prevalent during certain months of the year.

It is thought to be caused by the bite of the sand-flies which swarm about Cairo, and there is some evidence that it is infectious.

It is not a very serious disease, but the sufferer is decidedly uncomfortable during the three to ten days that it lasts.

MILITARY FUNERALS.

A military funeral is accorded to any officer or soldier who at the time of his death is actually in the Service, and in the case of an officer is holding some military command or office.

A Field-Marshal is entitled to a salute of nineteen guns and the attendance of six battalions and eight squadrons of troops. A full General gets seventeen guns and four battalions and six squadrons as escort.

No guns are fired at the funerals of officers below the substantive rank of brigadier-general—he gets eleven guns—three rounds of blank cartridge sufficing equally for the full Colonel and the private soldier.

Thirteen rank and file under a sergeant is the official escort for a soldier below the rank of sergeant; but of course as many of his regiment may attend as wish to do so, and it is usual for all the officers and men of a man's company to follow him on his last journey.

A lieutenant or second lieutenant is escorted by forty rank and file under an officer of his own rank, while a captain is attended by his own company or 100 men.

An officer's funeral is usually followed by all the officers in the garrison. They march in file—that is, two abreast—the juniors leading.

The pall is supported, when possible, by officers of the same rank as the deceased, that is, the pall-bearers at the funeral of a major would be majors, if available.

At the grave three rounds of blank are fired, and the "Last Post" sounded, and then the escort returns to barracks at the quick-step, the band playing lively airs.

The funeral of a private is usually followed by an auction of his effects.

BOXING CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Many people think that at the present moment Petty Officer Curran is Heavy-Weight Boxing Champion of England, but this is not so.

When Curran beat Bill Lang on a foul, they were fighting for the Championship of the British Empire, but neither Curran nor anyone else will be Champion of England until he has beaten Ian Hague in a match for the title.

Hague, of course, has been beaten more than once since he wrested the title from Gunner Moir, but not for the Championship of England.

"ON THE SHELF"

ARMY OFFICERS IN RETIREMENT.

The great majority of Army officers have to retire before they are fifty years old.

For example, if a regimental officer has not obtained command of his regiment by the time he is forty-five—I think, but I got a pain in my heart and a crick in my back last night watching Sam Langford pulverise Bill Lang, and can't be bothered looking for the pay warrant—on to the shelf he goes, while even when a man gets a command, which he should do in the ordinary way when he is about forty-one or two, fifty usually finds him on retired pay.

Now, retired pay for a regimental officer ranges from £120 to a little over £400 a year, and so you have a large number of men in early middle age thrown into civil life with barely enough to live on, certainly not enough if they have families to rear and start in the world—unless, of course, they have private means.

LIVING ON THE PENSION.

Many of them have not. As youngsters they managed to live in the Army by dint of an allowance from their parents, but quite probably by the time they retire their parents have died, leaving little or nothing behind them.

Anyway, the retired officer with about £300 a year, all told, constitutes a large class.

Sometimes, he is content to vegetate on his pittance, and drags out an aimless existence in some cheap seaside resort or second-rate provincial town. You may also find him on the Continent, more especially in Belgium and Normandy, whither he has fled, partly for cheapness, partly in order to escape duns. That is, where he is a family man. The bachelor, more usually, has a room somewhere in St. James's, practically lives at his club, where he sneaks the notepaper and other unconsidered trifles, and spends his time inventing new ways of cursing the secretary and the cook.

More especially of late years, however, the retired officer seeks to add to his scanty income by indulging in civilian occupations of one kind or another.

IN THE JAWS OF SHARKS.

Finance has much the same curious fascination for the retired Army man that farming has for the Naval officer who has said goodbye to the quarter-deck.

The results in both cases are often disastrous. The sight of a retired colonel or major—you can generally tell him at the first glance—walking down Throgmorton Street is enough to draw every shady company promoter from those snug little bars and "dives," the existence of which in the famous thoroughfare is unsuspected by the casual passer-by.

Now, I daresay you will say that City sharps cannot have much use for a pigeon with a beggarly two or three hundred a year, but the name of Colonel this, or Major that looks well on a prospectus. And then there is such a thing as commuting your pension. The victim sells his pension for a few thousands cash down and the cash is quickly transferred from his pockets to those of the rascals who seem to be able to hypnotise Army officers as a snake mesmerises a bird or a rabbit.

What becomes of him then? Sometimes a bullet or a razor solves the problem of existence, but oftener the plucked pigeon becomes a bit of a hawk, a professional "guinea pig," a decoy for other dupes, a commission-snatcher, a money-lender's tout.

However, let us take a more cheerful view of things. Many retired officers, more particularly the younger ones, go into trade and, as agents for firms who supply canteens and messes, do pretty well.

An old comrade of mine is now employed by a famous firm of brewers. His job is to go round their "tied houses," collect the weekly takings, and generally see to it that things are going on all right. It may not be a very dignified occupation, but it is worth £500 a year and free drinks to him.

Clubs, social and sporting, employ many retired officers as secretaries.

One golf club, I know, was practically "made" by a secretary-major, whose wonderful command of language when playing badly, which was always, attracted members from far and near.

Wine and cigar merchants often employ the "veteran" as a tout. Of course, as a rule, the thing is not done openly.

The tout gives a little dinner party at his rooms to some rich men, preferably youngsters just come into their inheritance, with whom he has scraped acquaintance.

The guests are delighted with the wines and cigars, and as a great favour the host reveals where he got them, and, of course, draws a handsome commission on the orders that follow. In the same way tailors are often glad to dress a retired Army man, who belongs to good clubs, for nothing and to give him an occasional "tenner" in return for the customers he introduces.

AGENCIES, JOURNALISM, AND RELIGION.

A more legitimate business is done as agents for insurance companies, for here again the officer's position brings him into contact with well-to-do men, who are likely to insure for substantial sums.

Journalism claims many retired Army men, more especially on the business side. You would be surprised if you knew how many ex-officers are to be found in newspaper offices as advertisement managers and the like. Most of them have been adjutants and have thus acquired method, orderliness, and a knowledge of business routine.

Quite a number of Army men "get religion" late in life, having been extra hot stuff in their youth, and become pillars of religious bodies of societies, but that is hardly to be regarded as a money-making occupation, though by the same token some of them successfully combine "salvation" with profit to themselves.

"Chinstrap."

A SPORTSMAN'S CUTTINGS.

HOW TO PRESERVE PRINTED EXTRACTS ON EVERY SUBJECT.

Most men, and sportsmen especially, are in the habit of taking regularly one or more magazines and periodicals which deal with those subjects in which they are most deeply interested.

But questions of expense, convenience, room, and time prevent a man, as a rule, from taking all the literature he could wish to read, or of looking carefully through it all if he had it at hand.

As a rule he compromises and has one or two papers he can thoroughly digest.

These, as a rule, and if he is wise, he will keep, and at certain periods will have them bound, so that he never loses them. They take a permanent place on his shelves and are a source of pleasure whenever he cares to consult them.

Over and above these regular supplies of his own special sort of literature, however, a man frequently comes across single articles that give him special pleasure.

It is for such casually-found articles as these that a man needs some special place, and for which he should make provision. They are so easily slipped when the paper is read, and then the memory of them comes back and with it a regret that they were not cut out at once and put away.

To meet this need every man should have a book for cuttings. The choice of the size, shape, and thickness of the book must be matters for individual tastes, but, as a rule, the book should be neither small nor large.

An admirable shape for such a book would be approximately that of this paper.

The leaves of the book must, of course, be blank, and need not be ruled for writing, as all that a man needs to write when preserving a cutting is the date it appeared and the periodical from which he took it.

It may happen that a man is led, by what he reads, to add his own notes to the subject; and if this is to be done to any extent the cuttings should be placed on the left hand page as the book lies open, and the written notes on the right hand. Thus the cutting and the notes referring to it are always opposite to one another.

It is as well not to cut the articles and preserve them at once. It often happens that an article when read for the first time appears to be well worth keeping. Read a day later, or a week later, it may appear in a very different light to the reader.

A good flour paste, such as is sold in glass pots by all good stationers is the best thing to use for sticking in the cuttings. The paste is clean and strong, and is less sticky than any gummy substance.

In cutting the selected pieces from the newspaper or periodical, remember to cut well away from the actual print it is desired to preserve. This will enable the cutting to be attached to the leaf of the book in such a way that the cutting can be turned over. This is only necessary, of course, when the reading matter is continued on the other side, or when the other side also contains matter worth preserving.

By careful selection a sportsman will, in the course of time, gradually gather together quite a large number of interesting, curious, or useful articles which will come to form a sort of reference book on all matters of interest to him.

In the case of extracts from books or from periodicals that for any reason cannot be cut, it is well to write, or typewrite, the extracts on slips of paper of a size suitable to the cuttings book, and to paste them in in the ordinary way with date, source, and author, as with the others.

F. D. WACE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

INVITATIONS. Throughout the country there have been established MODERN MAN Clubs, and from all quarters I am receiving requests that I should visit these clubs, because, as the secretaries are good enough to inform me, the members would like to meet me in person.

I do not see why they should desire to do so, for I am a very ordinary young man, much like themselves. I cannot play the piano, I cannot sing a song—in fact, I have no tricks at all, and I believe that I am very unentertaining.

All I have done in establishing these MODERN MAN Clubs has been to put the right sort of men into communication with each other. My work in this connection has brought its own reward. I believe that these clubs, like this paper, supply something which did not exist before, and I believe also that their influence will be for good.

A PROPOSED TOUR. From the secretaries of some of the provincial clubs I have received letters saying that, if I would pay a visit to their headquarters, it would mean doubling the number of members.

That opinion may be flattering, but it is quite unjustified. I hope, in the near future, to visit every MODERN MAN Club in the country, but it will be entirely for my own pleasure, and not because my presence at any club could possibly have the slightest effect upon the membership.

I look forward to this tour of the clubs. When it will be possible for me to undertake it, I cannot at the present moment say, for at the present time I think it is necessary for me to be in London.

I know I shall enjoy this tour of the clubs, because I have already had the pleasure of visiting some of them.

GOOD COMPANY. I told you at the time the impression I had regarding the members of the Brighton Club. More recently I have visited the North London Club, and there I found the members to be exactly of the right sort.

In the course of a pleasant half-hour, I asked the secretary, Mr. Hurlock, whether there were any Territorials in the club. He is very systematic, which is a laudable quality in a secretary, and he forthwith produced a typewritten list of the various Territorial regiments which were represented there that evening, and I think that they covered practically the whole of the London area.

It is the same all round. I have a letter from the Secretary of the Glasgow Club, in which he says:

"We have got together here a set of men whom, for general all-round sport, I did not think I should ever have the fortune to meet outside the pages of fiction. We have all types, quiet, reserved, rowdy, &c., and glad to have them all."

The club movement has been firmly established. I am glad that I have been the means of giving it a start. Its development rests with those who read these pages.

MR. BART KENNEDY'S PAPER. I should like to congratulate Mr. Bart Kennedy on the production of his paper named "The View."

Lest there should be any misunderstanding, and lest my motives should be misinterpreted, I draw attention to the fact that "The View" is published by The United Press, Ltd., who also publish this paper. Neither I, nor THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., however, have any financial interest in "The View." Mr. Kennedy has arranged with this publishing firm to have his paper issued by them. We have no financial interests in common. We are simply customers of the same firm.

I mention this in case it should be supposed that my opinions are biassed.

Now for these opinions. "The View" is as bright as one would expect a paper edited by Mr. Bart Kennedy to be. It has about it the same bluntness that its editor has, and it also has something of his personal charm.

I met Mr. Bart Kennedy some years ago, when I was gaining experience by working as a sub-editor of "Answers," and I always liked the man. He looked something like a pugilist, and I believe that he is more than usually expert with his fists. There is a simple honesty about him that always appealed to me, and, if these few remarks may induce anyone to buy his paper, I shall feel very glad.

Mr. Bart Kennedy's style of writing and his punctuation have been criticised many times, but his language has always a straight-from-the-shoulder sort of flavour that makes it acceptable to his readers.

For my own part, I may say that I like the man tremendously. I like his paper also, and I wish him the best of luck with it.

TERRITORIAL SLACKERS. The other evening I went to a company dinner as the guest of a certain London Territorial company commander.

He is a man who is absolutely worshipped by his company, and the enthusiasm when his health was proposed was good to see.

In the speech he made in reply, he praised his company as a commander ought, but he also pointed out that certain men were not turning up to drills as they should do.

"We don't want any slackers in this company," he said, "and I tell you now, that if I have an opportunity to do so, I will have a genuine pleasure in prosecuting those who do not carry out the undertakings to which they have committed themselves."

This blunt statement was received with loud cheers, and I believe that it is the same bluntness and frankness that has given this particular captain the hold that he undoubtedly possesses over his company.

Territorial slackers are to be found in every regiment—they are the men who put in the minimum number of drills.

The type of men that we want to see in the Territorials are the men keen on the work, and willing to put in, not only the minimum, but as many drills as circumstances will permit.

It is good for the company, good for the regiment, and good for the men individually.

Much depends upon the tone of the company or the squadron, and I am glad to say that in certain squadrons I could name the slacker would not be tolerated by his fellow-troopers at any price.

THE MODERN MAN, LTD. On page 16 I again print an Application Form for shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd.

There are still some shares to be disposed of, but intending purchasers should apply at once, as they may otherwise be disappointed.

With the increasing prosperity of this company—due chiefly to the helpful efforts of my many partners—and with the special offer which I am making of the free presentation of a section of my own fully-paid Deferred Shares, the present is an exceptional opportunity for those who have spare cash to invest.

I should not mention the matter unless I knew that you will be thoroughly satisfied with the result.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE WISEACRE.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER OF UNCERTAIN WISDOM.

He is usually hanging about his garden gate whenever there seems a chance of a gossip. Though he draws an old-age pension, he seems to have existed for years without number on nothing at all.

He himself says with an explanatory tone, and with a sort of half-fear lest you should think he does not need the sixpence you are fumbling with in your pocket, that his two sons, good lads, give him a trifle a week to keep him out of want.

If his cottage were well searched, thatch, roughouse, floors and all, I believe it would be found that there was a heavy stocking or some jar hidden away, in which he kept the results of years of scraping and saving.

He now lives, however, as far as one can tell from the road side of his gate, on a reputation for a certain amount of wisdom, chiefly concerning weather and crops;

Most of the villagers appeal to him on these points and listen to his oracular pronouncements with bated breath and whispered humbleness.

Whether they believe in his forecasts, or not, is impossible to say. Countrymen have a wonderful way of keeping their real opinions to themselves.

It has always surprised those who take an interest in the Wiseacre that he should found his wisdom and his forecasts upon the ways of birds. The reason for this surprise is that in the course of many decades of toil he has become bowed and bent almost into a semi-circle.

This gives him, when walking, a look of intense concentration on the earth.

When spoken to on his strong point, he will with the utmost difficulty half straighten himself and twist his head heavenwards.

Nothing so practical as a forecast of the next day's weather is worthy of his consideration. He takes his work much more seriously than that, and is always prepared to tell one what sort of a winter is coming or what sort of crops will be gathered five months hence. In this, indeed, lies his safety. To say that the shape of the clouds or the flight of rooks will bring rain by six o'clock "to-morrer marnin'" might prove that he was a fraud, and "to-morrer marnin'" might dawn warm and fine.

The old Wiseacre takes no such risks as these. Three months ahead he will tell you to a drop of rain what weather will come; but to-morrow——

"Ye see, sir," he'll reply, "this 'ere wind may lead to two or three things, and it aren't no sartin yet what mid come."

Which is quite obvious to anyone.

Lead him back over the years, however, and he will recount his triumphs in prophecy with unfailing facility.

The truth is that everybody, himself included, has completely forgotten what happened twenty years ago.

When, therefore, old Wiseacre says he "Wor sartin, by early March, that that there summer of 1671 were a-goin' to be a bad 'un for the crows so," when I see'd them rooks a-carryin' on so," and when he adds, with conviction, that it wor a reg'lar bad 'un too as't turned out, he knows that there is none to contradict him.

Such conviction and certainty colour his recollections of his successes that he has impressed his neighbours with a sort of belief in his powers.

Even if they suspect him they do not say so, but I believe that some of them have a fairly shrewd idea of what he really is—a downright old fraud, but quite harmless.

J. G. HAYWARD.

THE NEW LODGER.

The gentleman with long hair and a soft hat was negotiating with the lady who let apartments.

"Might I ask, sir," she said, "what is your occupation?"

"Well," he replied, "it would be rather difficult to define, but I may say that I am a lover of the muse."

"That's funny," said the landlady. "My last lodger was connected with the stables, too!"

HUSH.

"Are you a British subject?" asked the official at the landing stage.

"Yes," replied the ardent Tory, "but don't tell anybody. I don't want to boast about it while this Government is in power."

NERVE.

"Smith has the strongest nerve of any man I've ever met."

"How you you know?"

"Yesterday he called and asked if I'd lend him my gun, as he wanted to shoot a dog that kept him awake all night, and I lent it to him."

"How does that prove he's got nerve?"

"It was my dog he shot."

SAME SPEED.

Irate Motorist (finding himself obstructed in a narrow country lane): "Now then, Turniptops, wake up! I don't want to be stuck here all day."

Countryman: "Aw doan't see what tha' has to grumble abaht. Awm goin' as fast as thee!"

QUITE PROFESSIONAL.

Patient (to pretty nurse): "Will you be my wife when I recover?"

Nurse: "Certainly."

Patient: "Then you love me?"

Nurse: "Oh! no; that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both of his legs."

A TRAINING HINT.

THE DANGER OF OVERDOING IT.

Athletes sometimes make the mistake of training right up to the day of a race or other contest. This is an error of judgment, which is often at the root of otherwise unaccountably bad performances. Of course, if you have a trainer, he should know when to tell you to stop hard work, but trainers are still far more apt to over-train than to under-train their charges, while, of course, many men have to train themselves.

A man should stop hard work for from one day to a week before the contest, the length of the interval depending on the nature of the match.

For example, a cyclist who is going in for a twenty-four hours' race can well afford to stop riding for several days beforehand. Of course, this does not mean that he should be entirely idle, he should take gentle walking or other exercise, but anything in the nature of exhausting work should be avoided.

Boxers usually "shut off steam" two or three clear days before a contest.

Not only should the competitor rest his body, but he should do his best also to rest his mind by not allowing it to dwell on the forthcoming trial. This is where a hobby comes in useful to a man.

Many famous athletes are great readers, and in a taste for books find distraction from the doubts and fears which assail a man on the eve of an important contest. Others again are fond of billiards, and billiards is certainly a splendid game for "taking you out of yourself," while it provides a sufficiency of exercise and keeps hand and eye in tune.

CONJURING.

12 mysterious novelties, complete, 7d., post free. Vandy's new wonder box, 1s. 3d., post free. Catalogue included.

VANDY (M. Dept.), **108, STRAND, LONDON.**

A Tobacco Discovery

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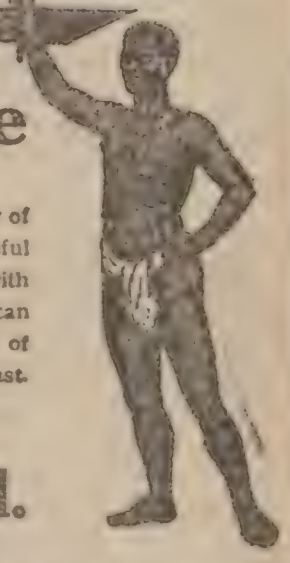


Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it To-day. You will be delighted.

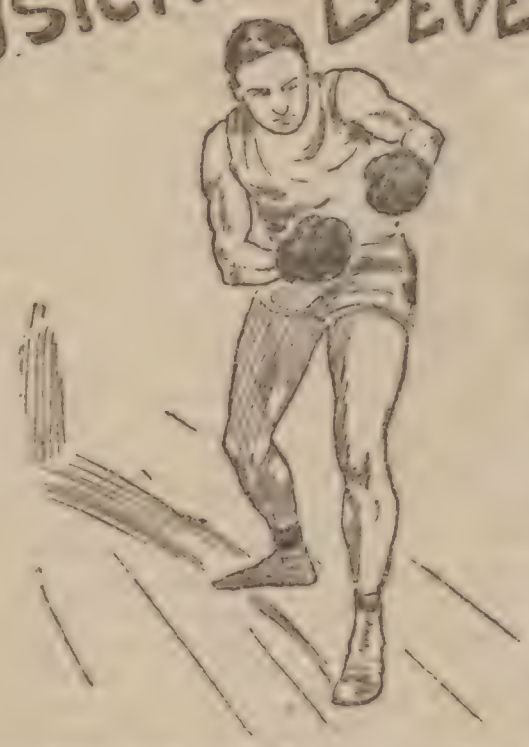
Price **5d.** per oz. Cartridges, **5½d.**

NYASA MIXTURE can also be obtained extra coarse cut, "Scotch Blend," at the same price.

NYASA CIGARETTES. 10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers, **R. & J. HILL, Ltd., 175a, Shoreditch, London, E.,** who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

Rapid Physical Development



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ENTHUSIASM.

An interested reader of this page has sent me a letter, in which he discusses various aspects of physical culture. I have already dealt with most of the points he raises, but there is one which, I think, is worthy of attention.

"What is the use," he asks, "of all the physical culture papers which are now being sold? Surely one good book on physical culture ought to be enough. What do you think about it?"

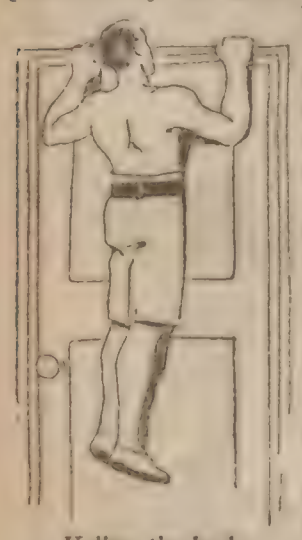
Being human, my own opinion is, of course, that that page of THE MODERN MAN which I have the honour of conducting supplies all the information that can possibly be desired by the ordinary seeker after physical fitness and health. Being honest, however, I must also add that I have the highest esteem for the majority of those publications which cater for physical culture enthusiasts only, and I like these publications because they foster and help a movement that tends to the welfare of our nation.

It is my own belief that any man who follows the exercises and the hints which I give in this page will bring himself to the utmost degree of physical fitness that nature has made possible for him, but I do not lose sight of the fact that in the effort to become physically fit there must be a certain amount of enthusiasm, and if the enthusiasm takes the form of buying all the available physical culture papers possible, I have nothing to say against it, for the majority of the physical culture papers at present published are very interesting and instructive.

Also they keep you in touch with the doings of others who are interested in the same branches of physical culture as yourself.

GYMNASTICS AT HOME.

The exercise here depicted is simply that known to the gymnast as pulling up, and is the preliminary to most exercises on the horizontal bar.



Hollow the back.

You do not, however, need to go to a gymnasium to practise it, for an ordinary doorway will serve the purpose.

If there is not a ledge above the door wide enough to give your fingers a purchase open the door slightly and place your fingers on the top of it. But be careful to wedge the door so that it cannot swing to during the process.

Get a firm grip with the fingers on the ledge or on the door, and pull yourself up by flexing the arms to the position illustrated.

Keep the back hollowed so that the face is well away from the door, and the legs stiff and feet together.

The exercise will develop not only the flexor muscles of the arm, but is an excellent one for the fingers and the wrists.

The tension should not be relaxed until the chin has been raised to the level of the hands. The body should then be lowered as slowly as possible to the ground.

WEIGHING YOURSELF.

Every athlete who is in training takes care to weigh himself from time to time, and to make a note of any change that may occur. And every physical culturist ought to keep an eye on his weight.

If it begins to go up or down to any great extent without sufficient reason, you may be sure there is something wrong.

Many men weigh themselves about once a year—if as often—and usually with their clothes on. Then they are surprised that the weight registered in summer, when they are clad in the lightest of flannel suits, is a stone or so below what they weighed in winter, with thick tweeds on and a heavy overcoat.

Seven pounds is a reasonable amount to allow for the weight of your clothes (excluding, of course, an overcoat), but if you cannot strip before weighing, always make a point of having clothes of about the same weight on when you weigh yourself.

Always weigh before exercise, and not after. A hard run or row, or a bout with the gloves, will bring your weight down considerably, but in a few hours it will be back to normal again.

The following table, showing the average weight of a fully-developed man in proportion to his height, may be interesting, but it should be pointed out that the table is only arrived at by taking an average of normal men of various ages, and that there is no reason to imagine that there is anything physically wrong with you if you are above or under the normal weight for your height.

As a matter of fact, many men below thirty will probably find that their weight is less than that given in the table for their height, for most men put on weight with advancing years:

Height.		Weight.
5ft.	2in.	9st. 0lb.
5ft.	3in.	9st. 7lb.
5ft.	4in.	9st. 13lb.
5ft.	5in.	10st. 2lb.
5ft.	6in.	10st. 5lb.
5ft.	7in.	10st. 8lb.
5ft.	8in.	11st. 1lb.
5ft.	9in.	11st. 7lb.
5ft.	10in.	12st. 1lb.
5ft.	11in.	12st. 6lb.
6ft.	0in.	12st. 10lb.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Stand erect, with the feet separated. Place the hands on the hips with the fingers to the front and thumbs to the rear.

Now bend the body backwards from the waist.

Force the elbows together so that the thumbs are driven into the sides, and throw the head well back as illustrated.

Bend as far backwards as you can without bending the knees. After this point any further movement becomes useless. The legs must remain quite stiff and motionless.

Then return slowly to the normal position and repeat the movement.

All the trunk muscles will be exercised, especially those of the abdomen and back.

Don't bend the knees.

Let me take this opportunity of once more warning my readers against being beguiled by the apparent simplicity of such an exercise as this into thinking either that it is not worth doing or that it does not matter how you do it.

All the exercises that I give on this page are necessarily of the simplest nature, for they are intended to be practised without appliances and by those who indulge in physical culture with a view to their health and normal development rather than to excelling in the world of physical culture.

But the simpler the exercise the more vigorously must it be practised. To stand up and mildly sway your body to and fro will effect nothing.

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Intelligent readers of THE MODERN MAN will be quick to have noticed the important part that physical culture plays in connection with the training of a boxer.

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I have devoted much time and thought to this subject, and have been able to tremendously improve the physique of aspirants to boxing honours in the past.

I want every reader of THE MODERN MAN to send by return certain for a FREE copy of my interesting book, "HEALTH AT HOME," which describes the famous Inch Course of physical training at home, whereby one may so perfect the physique as to make improvement in boxing absolutely certain.

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Are you a "one-job" man?

An article that may make the difference between success and failure for you.

ARE you a "one-job man"? It sounds a cryptic question, but it really means a great deal to you, that is, if you have any ambition to succeed in your business life. Its answer means just the difference between real success when you still can enjoy it, and a miserable pittance when you are too old to get the benefit even of that. That difference is surely a great one—surely important enough for you to read this article.

Perhaps you don't quite understand what a "one-job man" is; well, he is the man who does his every-day work quite creditably, but who would be a failure in any situation other than the one he has been brought up to fill. He is the man whose knowledge of business is limited to that one special branch that he entered as a boy and that he has spent his time since.

You will understand it better if you ask yourself these three questions:—

Three Vital Questions.

1st.—How much do you know about your business outside your own department?

2nd.—Could you fill a responsible post in another business, if it was offered you to-morrow?

3rd.—Do you know enough to be manager of your office?

If you cannot say "yes" to each of these questions, do you realise that you are fast becoming a "one-job man" yourself? *You cannot stay waiting to step into the shoes* of the man directly above you. You must be in a position to accept a better post immediately, if one should arise, and you cannot do that unless you enlarge your business knowledge. It is absolutely necessary for your future success that you should begin at once to pick up an all-round business knowledge. This knowledge should enable you to answer any and every problem that could arise, and to meet without hesitation every difficulty that could face you. Every successful man has had to get this knowledge before he could achieve his success, and so will you.

What Do You Know About Business?

Now what do you know about business? For instance, do you understand book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when the recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things Are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the income-tax? Do you know company law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

This is the knowledge that will bring you to success, and if you are wise you will get it in the quickest and surest way you can. That way is the "Business Encyclopædia," which has been written by many of the most successful business men of the day, and which tells you the methods by which they have gained their success. Its writers include Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton, Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing-Director A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail"), S. J. Waring (Managing-Director Waring and Gillow).

We cannot tell you in this advertisement even a fraction of the subjects covered by "The Business Encyclopædia," and for your own sake—in order that you should not remain in ignorance of what the work can do for you—you should send the coupon below for an interesting illustrated book describing its value. If you are doubtful of the value of "The Business Encyclopædia," read these letters.

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A MORNING SAUNTER WITH A TERRIER.

One of the pleasantest places in the country at this time of the year is the great yard adjoining the farmhouse. Here, within a hundred yards of the house itself, one may spend an interesting morning with never a dull minute, and with a variety of matters to keep the eyes and ears on the alert. Indeed a big farmyard is one of the best places to watch the doings of the wild creatures, from the tiny rick mouse, unconscious of your presence so long as you are still, to the wily old rook who comes cautiously to the overhanging elm to have a look round before descending with a dash to the ground to snatch a morsel from the chickens' food or a scrap from the dog's kennel.

Warm and bright days are warmer and brighter in the farmyard than anywhere else.

The great ricks and stacks make splendid shields from any wind that blows. They even seem to throw back some of the direct rays of the sun, like the glare from a wall on a scorching summer day.

Early in the morning, after one of the late frosts that are the despair of gardener and farmer alike, the edges of the thatch drip, drip, drip, as the sun melts the white frost, but before long the rick is dry again, and all along its thatch the sparrows cluster just below the ridge, avoiding the keen wind, and sunning themselves in sleepy happiness.

The faint scent of the ricks comes out to meet the sun and fills the air with delicious perfume.

Across the yard the squealing, chattering voices of the starlings ring from the chimneys of the farmhouse.

THE FARMYARD CAT.

Those chimneys are a delight in themselves. The red brick has mellowed with many years' exposure. Their shape is comely and roomy, and looking up at them one cannot help thinking of the great hearth beneath and the solid comforts that are to be enjoyed thereon of winter nights.

But it is the outer aspects of the farm and its precincts that attract to-day, in the stillness of an early spring day.

Crouched in a corner, near the disused plough, is the farm cat, a conspicuous creature, white, and sandy and black. But in spite of these disadvantages that make her so conspicuous, the cat brings home sparrows and other birds with unfailing regularity.

You have just disturbed her in her mor... foraging, but she seems to resent it hard... all. With tail in the air she comes runnin... towards you and rubs against your le... ring as if she were quite innocent of blood.

She ruffles her fur and lifts her back at the sight of your terrier. But her d... measures are unnecessary, for at a wor... you the dog lies down, though reluctant...

Among the faggots at the foot of ... you thrust your stick suddenly and ... about, but no rat bolts. The dog is mea... scratching and sniffing excitedly down a ... cut hole, his face already smothered w... earth. But it is no good. You must wait t... the threshing comes on and then there will be ample sport.

A CAPTURE.

Turning towards the big barns you have not noticed that the dog has sniffed sport under the drills and ploughs. He is after something and the scent is hot. Hark! Before you have run back to him you hear a sq... then a sort of tussle goes on for a momen... and then from under the wheels of the cart the dog returns, still shaking with terrific vio... lence and rapidity a big brown rat, caught too far from home to escape to safety.

Dick is quite proud of his achievement, continues to shake the dead rat with a... strength. He is anxious to carry it hom... into the house, to lay it on the hearth... admire it, but this cannot be allowed, and ... take it by the tail and hurl it into the sp... where Nature will see to its burial most ... ciently.

And so you come round at last to the ... door of the farmhouse. Stamping your feet on the bricks and scraping them clear of mud and straw you go in again, ready for dinner. A slack morning, truly, but full of interest for the true country-lover.

C. Easton-Grey.

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Football Plague-Spots

MAKERS THAT BID FAIR TO RUIN THE GAME.

It is surely long since a football season was marked by so many incidents, to which "regrettable" is all too mild a term to apply, as this present one, now drawing to a close. On the testimony of that well-known critic "Common" there has been more foul and unfair play than in any preceding year, and any impartial critic who has visited as many football grounds as I have, must admit that sportsmanship in professional football is now conspicuous by its absence.

All too rarely nowadays will you see a match in which there is no deliberate foul in order to save a morally certain goal or to bring down a player who is becoming dangerous and cannot be fairly stopped.

THE CROWD.

The present state of the rules which enables a side to benefit by foul play is a plague-spot on the future, which must eventually kill it, at all events, as a sport.

The behaviour of football crowds is growing horribly worse. Sportsmen won't go to see a game in which there is no real sport, and Professional football is rapidly being given over to hooligans and hobbledehoys.

You have only to look at the photographs of football crowds as published in the cheap illustrated papers to see what a large proportion of spectators are weedy youths and boys, hysterical weaklings who have never indulged in manly sport of any kind.

Jack Sharp, the famous International footballer and cricketer, has publicly deplored the prevalence of foul language round football enclosures, and he very rightly points out that it is bound to drive away all decent, self-respecting men.

VICTORY AT ANY PRICE.

Trafficking in players has become more shameless than ever, and during the next few weeks we shall see clubs in danger of relegation buying crack players to save them.

Things have come to a pretty pass when we find the Football Association picking men to represent England whose birth qualification is, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful.

This desire, shown in the highest as well as the lowest quarters, to purchase victory at any price is a plague-spot on modern football.

Then what of the trafficking in Cup-ties? Surely the limit was reached when a certain Northern club paid a certain Midland one £900 to replay their drawn Cup-tie on the former's ground. There was no justification for the "deal." There was no question of the Midland ground being inadequate for a big match; it was simply bribing a financially poor club to forego a great chance of victory.

Can any sport flourish when sordid bargaining of that kind is permitted?

THE MONEY-SLIME.

It may be said that it is to the advantage of football to allow poor clubs to make money in this way because it frees them from financial difficulties and enables them to keep going, when otherwise they might have to drop out; but if a club can only exist on such terms, then it had much better dissolve.

Then there have been ugly whispers this season of attempted buying of League matches.

The money-slime is fast covering the whole game. The Football Association is practically the servant of the League, and the League has never been remarkable for its sporting morality. If the authorities were really anxious for the welfare of the game they could excise most of the plague-spots on it. Let them:

1. Give the referee power to award a goal if, in his opinion, a goal would have been scored but for unfair play on the part of an opponent or opponents.
2. Prohibit altogether the selling of choice of ground in Cup-ties.
3. Forbid transfers within two months of the end of the season.

W. C. Hayman.

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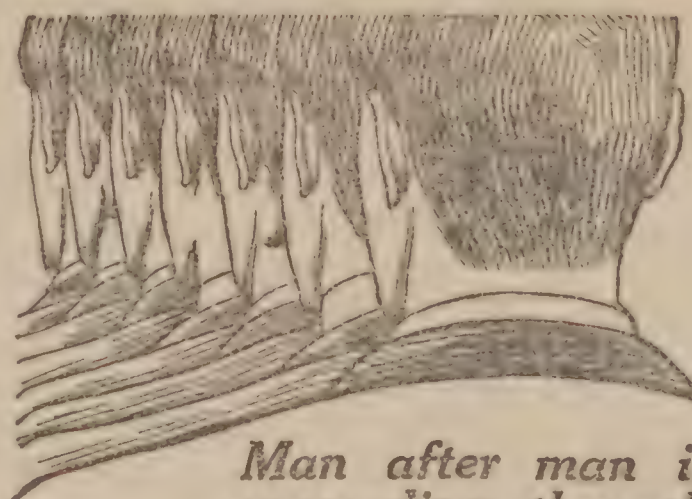

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of the many new clients who have reaped the reward of their enterprise in following our advice, many were men and women without previous experience of stocks and shares. Some started with but a very few pounds. To-day these new clients are well on the road to prosperity.

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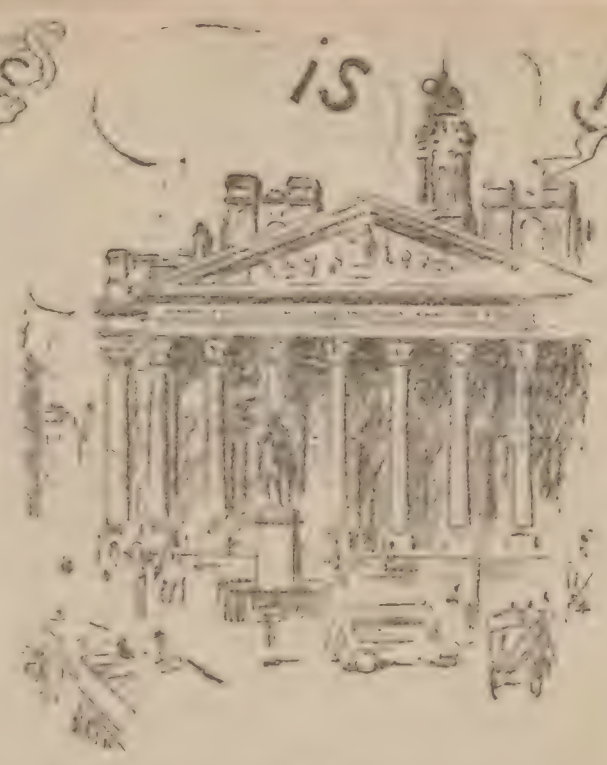

RELAXATION.

If a bow were not unstrung when not in use, the continued tension would soon weaken it and make it less useful than it would otherwise have been. Or to take a more up-to-date example, a rifle that was always kept cocked would soon become a very erratic weapon.

Every mechanical object that depends upon the force of a spring must have that spring relaxed when it is not wanted for active work.

The case is just the same both with the human mind and the body. Continuous tension is as detrimental to both as it is to the strength of a spring.

A man may devote himself to business night and day, allowing himself a minimum of sleep, for a week or two, or if he is a man of strong constitution, even for months, but in time the strain is bound to tell. It is in the interests of his business, of himself, and those dependent on him, for him to take a reasonable amount of relaxation.

What that relaxation is to be, depends entirely on the tastes of each individual man. The one essential is that he shall enjoy himself.

What may be relaxation to one man, may be merely boredom to another. What may seem hard work to one man, may be perfect relaxation to another, simply because it is different in every way from his regular work.

Many men who work in offices find real relaxation in Territorial work, which to some may seem drudgery. But besides the proud feeling that they are serving their country in the most useful and practical way, they derive real enjoyment and physical benefit from leading the soldiers' open air life in their leisure time and doing work that is quite different from that at which they earn their living.

Some men find relaxation in athletics, some in various hobbies, some in organising clubs and social institutions. Many a hard-worked man, for instance, runs a troop of Boy Scouts. Others again find it in reading and literature, others in the theatre or amateur theatricals, others in music.

Some men devote their little leisure to local politics, and work hard as members of Boards of Guardians, District Councils, School Management Committees, and the many other bodies of unpaid Local Government workers, to whom we owe a great deal, and for whom we very rarely have a kind word.

The work of this sort has to be done by someone and all honour to those who give of their leisure and their brains to do it. In many cases, maybe, they are prompted by a desire for notoriety or an official post. But in far more those who organise clubs and societies or work on public bodies do so because in such spare-time work they find a real relaxation from their daily business.

They are men of energetic nature who would not be content to spend all their leisure time doing nothing, or to sit at ease in a theatre while someone else amused them.

No man can succeed in business unless he appreciates the need for relaxation of the right sort, at the right time and in moderation.

But business must always come first. When it begins to give way to outside interests, their value vanishes.

In the same way it is dangerous to allow these outside interests to put too great a strain on physical and mental powers.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Everything is favourable at the moment for the "bull" operator. Money is cheap, and likely to remain so, and, as the upward movement in prices started recently from well sold-out markets, and, as the genuine investment demand has been considerable, the amount of floating stock is not great; consequently the danger of any considerable set-back in prices is very much minimised.

THE NEW RUBBER BOOM.

The Rubber boom is here again with a vengeance. At the time of writing the best smoked sheet is 7s. 10d. per lb.—which means to the large producing companies nearly 7s. net profit, and all shares, good, bad and indifferent, show more or less improvement in price.

The leading market counters appear to be Linggi, Vallambrosa and Anglo-Malay; but, in my opinion, Selangor and Pataling at 3⅜ and 3¼ respectively are better value on their merits.

In the case of Selangor every 1d. rise in the price means a difference of 6·25 per cent. on the issued capital, and 4·26 per cent. on Patalings; whereas on Anglo-Malay the difference is only 1·94 per cent.

My favourites in the low-priced shares, namely, Way-Halims, have not risen much yet, as the price is only 1s. 1½d. to 1s. 4½d., but the rise will come, and what is more, will stay, even should the price of the raw article fall again.

THE OIL BOOM COMING.

The Oil share market has suffered by the Rubber boom, as a great many operators have deserted it for the time being to take full advantage of the rise in Rubbers.

However, holders of shares in sound Oil companies need not worry, as it will be a case of, after Rubber, Oil.

HOME RAILWAYS.

Home Railway stocks are still firm, and still show prospects of not inconsiderable profits to the investor both in the rise in prices and in future dividends.

MEXICANS.

The Mexican Railway net return for January is very good, showing an increase over January, 1910, of about £8,000. If this rate of progress is maintained, the dividend on the Common Stock ought to be about 5 per cent, and, as this stock is only quoted about 55, the room for improvement in price is considerable.

AMERICANS.

The American Market has had a nasty slump over the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission refusing to allow the railroads to increase their freight rates; but prices are gradually recovering, and although trade in the United States is not as good as could be desired, the railways still continue to show increased takings; and the Steel Trust have "blown in" some more furnaces on their Gary property, which is a favourable sign, and gives indication that there will be no reduction in the dividend on the Common Stock.

MINES.

The mining market, which practically means South African, Rhodesian, and West African Mines, is still dull, and I trust the readers of this column will not risk their money in any of these concerns. No doubt some of the mines may "strike it rich" and turn out all right, but by far the greater number will be a dead loss at the finish. In most cases the "strike" will have to be very rich indeed to pay a satisfactory dividend on the average capitalisation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. (Bridgend).—I cannot ascertain date of payment although, as you say, the declaration was made last year. I am not in favour of the shares and should feel inclined to let them go even at a small loss.

H. G. (Clydebank).—I think the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, 195, Strand, London, W.C., would be a suitable Office for your purpose.

E. D. (Battersea).—I strongly advise you not to accept the offer.

B. P. (Swindon).—(1) Rather speculative, but likely to improve. (2) No. You should not touch any share with a liability.

"SENOJ" (Bath).—Nos. 2 and 4 are good business, paying regular dividends. I do not advise touching the others.

"JACK" (Belfast).—I do not approve of South Africans generally, and can see no reason to make an exception in the case of the company you mention.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HOW FERRIS STOLE £10,000

By E. WADE LANG.

It was not often that we ventured into the West-End in daylight, where once the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., had been such a well-known figure, but occasionally my friend's peculiarly audacious temperament would persuade him to risk it.

One sunny spring afternoon, I remember, we were walking along Gervaise Street, Ferris thinly but effectively disguised, when he drew my attention to the pavement on the other side.

"Don't stare openly," he warned me; "but those two men standing on the steps of the Junior Paladin Club—do you recognise them?"

"Saints, yes!" said I, under my breath; and added the fervent wish that they might not recognise *us*.

"Little fear of that," said Ferris, slowing to a saunter. "The stout, genial-looking man is——"

"Dawe, the bookmaker," said I, recalling many transactions.

"Yes, as honest a gentleman as ever did credit to a too frequently maligned profession," observed Ferris, "and moreover an amateur detective of singularly unique gifts, it may interest you to know."

"A detective!" said I, startled.

"Only as a hobby," said Ferris reassuringly. "He is reputed to be able to unravel mysteries which have baffled the cutest intelligences at Scotland Yard; and he does it without stirring from his chair. A magnificently analytical brain directs that lump of leisurely obesity, old chap; and we should have to look to our muttons if ever he should train the battery of his mind on our doings. Not that the contest would be devoid of diversion. Don't look round. I see they are coming this way."

Neither had he looked round! But there was a tiny mirror held in the palm of the hand with which he had casually stroked his brow.

I began to feel the thrill of impending events.

"His companion," continued Ferris, walking more slowly still, "is, of course, the celebrated young Lord Glencarthy, whose run of luck on the Turf of late has been absolutely phenomenal."

"He won twelve thousand pounds in a single wager only last week," I put in.

"He verily did—according to the gossip of the Society journals. And I'd bet substantial odds that our friend Mr. Dawe was the layer."

"What makes you think that?"

"Merely that it's settling day, and here they are, like David and Jonathan, men who haven't the remotest link of sympathy apart from that provided by a business transaction. Almost I fancy I can see the cheque folded between the leaves of the young blood's pocket-book."

"Or thrust carelessly in among his loose change," said I.

The pair were now level with us on the opposite pavement.

"That's infinitely more probable, I agree. Burke, why is it we're not expert pickpockets? We could—" He stopped abruptly to look in a shop window. "I really must purchase some ties," he went on in the same voice. "Do you care for those socks? Yes, they're separating. Don't look. Somewhat too startling a line, I'm afraid. Dawe is now calling a hansom, and Glencarthy has left him. Let him get some distance ahead. He's our man."

"You intend to follow him?" said I, in an undertone.

"I do," said he.

"What for?"

"Curiosity, old chap. He used to live in a flat in Mandeville Street. Perhaps he's returning there now?"

"If he is?"

"We shall know where to find him. Confound it!" The exclamation was sudden, though quiet. Glencarthy had ascended three steps to his right, and passed through the double doors of a bank.

I breathed an expletive also.

"If he's got the cheque he's paying it in," I hazarded.

"That's less annoying than the fact that I once had an account at that bank myself," snapped Ferris.

I did not understand this remark, and said so. He volunteered no explanation.

We paused to inspect the contents of another shop window, and presently Lord Glencarthy emerged, proceeding in the direction of Piccadilly.

"Do you mind if I leave you," said Ferris, turning round on me suddenly; and, as if to solace me for the curt dismissal, he added: "You'll have plenty to do later on, if my idea pans out as I expect."

An hour later, as I was ascending the steps to our rooms, a clergyman passed me coming down.

I did not see his face clearly, for the light was dim, and I presumed he had been visiting the residents of one of the other flats.

But shortly before seven the sound of a key in the lock and a peculiar scraping on the inner door told me that Ferris had returned. I raised my eyes as he entered and saw—the clergyman!

He was still uncommunicative, though his eyes proclaimed success, and passing straight into his bedroom he remained there for about half-an-hour.

When he came out, he was in a smoking coat and the Ferris of old. He lit a cigarette, and stretching himself on the couch, lay with an arm under his head, gazing dreamily at the ceiling.

"Well?" said I at last.

"Well," said he, "if your share in the scheme is accomplished with the same care as mine, we shall have nothing to regret and everything to pride ourselves upon.

"I followed Glencarthy to his flat, where I guessed he was going to indulge in an afternoon snooze, and then took a taxi here to effect the change you wot of. Returning, I sent in two cards from our exceedingly varied selection—one of an East-end clergyman and the other of a noted statesman. The statesman, in a few scribbled words, begged leave to solicit Lord Glencarthy's kindly interest in a fund which was worthy of support. I was granted an interview, and obtained a cheque for five guineas as a contribution.

"I hoped also to sneak a blank cheque from the end of his book, if it could be managed—or, alternatively, to break into the flat to-night to achieve the same purpose—he keeps a valet whom we should have had to get rid of—but his lordship dished both ideas by pocketing the cheque-book after using it.

"As a recompense, however, I gained possession of a sheet of his notepaper and an envelope; took them openly; placed the folded cheque between the paper, and the paper in the envelope, as though I were a faddist for order and cleanliness; and bade him an intoned good-day. So we have now the three things necessary for our purpose — the envelope, the paper, and the signature on the cheque."

He turned over on his side to face me, watching me through half-closed lids and with a smile that waited for my comment.

"Forgery," I said.

"Forgery," he softly agreed. "The trickiest game in the whole criminal profession, Burke."

I set my teeth.

"Go ahead," said I. "What's your plan?"

"To get hold of a book of open cheques as a preliminary. At the same time to ascertain what his balance is at the bank, for it would be an awkward thing to draw a cheque for a larger amount than he has standing to his credit. Then we can proceed to repay ourselves with a sum commensurate with the risks we have run—say to the tune of ten thousand pounds."

I suppose cupidity lit my countenance at this, I know I leaned forward with concentrated attention.

"The risks will be great," he observed.

"And," he added, deliberately, "I am going to ask you to undertake them. I can't myself, because the men behind the counter of that bank once knew me only too well, and if one of them should detect even the vaguest flavour of familiarity . . You understand how vital it is that no shadow of suspicion should be raised."

I nodded.

"Besides," he supplemented, "there will be one or two details requiring my attention elsewhere. I admit it is hardly a fair bargain to push all the danger on to you."

How well he understood me! how well he could flatter by a tone and a glance!

I laughed and stood up, vowing, rather vaingloriously, that the danger was what chiefly appealed to me. And he smiled at my enthusiasm, with a glint of something ironic in his blue, steely eyes.

Then, when I had tossed off a drink and was seated again, he went on:

"To-morrow is the appointed day, old Irishman. You will go to the bank, soon after it opens, with a note from Lord Glencarthy, reading: 'Please hand bearer a new book of cheques and my pass-book made up to date.' We shall have to trust to the body of the note passing muster as his lordship's somewhat erratic handwriting. The signature, I venture to say, will be excellent."

He got up lithely from the couch, and, sitting down at his desk, studied intently for a few moments a cheque which he drew from his pocket.

He propped the cheque against the inkstand, and, after another scrutiny, dashed off on a spare piece of paper several signatures in quick succession.

He handed me the result and the cheque with which to compare. I could perceive not the slightest difference between the two final attempts and the original.

"Wonderful!" was all I said.

Ferris continued imperturbably: "Having succeeded so far, we shall meet at a certain place and you will transfer the cheque-book and pass-book to me.

"Then I shall come back here to practise my skill at penmanship, and you will keep Lord Glencarthy's place under observation while I'm away. Should he come out, which is quite likely, follow him only if he goes in the direction of the bank, and in any case not *beyond* the bank.

"One of the chances I'm taking is that he'll have no occasion to draw cash before the coup is brought off. If he does, we shall have to postpone the attempt till a more favourable opportunity.

"All going well I shall pass you the cheque, and then will come the part of the business requiring, more than all, courage and a cool bearing. The cheque being for such a large amount you will probably be questioned. You will answer that you are Lord Glencarthy's valet. His *new* valet, if they say they don't remember us.

...ve seen you before. Not improbably they will telephone his lordship to ascertain if this is correct."

I started.

"I shall be at the other end," said Ferris, "to assure them of your unimpeachable integrity."

"You?" said I.

"Repairing the telephone," he answered; and that he went on to discuss, in lowered tones, every detail and variation of the scheme.

* * * *

Twenty past ten the next morning saw me, a quietly-dressed, somewhat sleek-looking individual, enter the bank in Gervaise Street and present at the counter the note which Ferris had mentioned. It was casually read, and then passed to a clerk behind, who passed it to someone else, who found the pass-book and then proceeded to make entries into it from a ledger.

I was out in the street again, with both cheque-book and pass-book in my pocket, before half-past ten had struck.

Shortly afterwards, in a side street, a man of the artisan class, who wore a light overcoat, stopped me and asked me to oblige him with a light. He held his coat to shelter the match from the wind—and the books changed hands.

I turned the next corner into Mandeville Street.

At one end of Mandeville Street there is a public recreation ground. From a conveniently situated seat therein I was able to watch all who went into or came out of Number 36, where Lord Glencarthy lived. Him I knew well. His valet I had never seen. There was always the possibility that the latter would be sent to the bank for some purpose or other, during this critical period of Ferris's absence; but risks are a *sine qua non* of crime.

F...—minus the light coat, but now carrying small brief bag—was sitting on the same seat, remarking that it was a pleasant morning, within forty-five minutes of our separation.

"For ten thousand," said he, speaking towards the railings, as my fingers closed over the cheque. "Ten hundred-pound notes—fifties if they haven't enough. . . ."

He looked at me.

"Pulse steady?" he asked.

"As a rock," said I. And it was.

His blue eyes glinted approval.

"You'll endorse it in the bank, coolly as you like. It's a 'bearer' cheque. More than twenty thousand to his credit, and five-figure payments to Dawe not at all unprecedented. So they won't be overwhelmingly surprised."

I had not an atom of apprehension. I left him.

Eight minutes later I gave Lord Glencarthy's telephone number in a public exchange adjacent to the bank. Ferris answered.

I walked unhurriedly into the bank. There was no other customer, and this time I was shrewdly scrutinised. I had endorsed the cheque T. W. Harvey with a firm hand.

"This is a large sum for his lordship to draw," said the cashier, glancing at it again, and again at me.

"Very ...," I agreed, with immobility.

"Just a minute, will you?"

He showed it to his right-hand colleague.

"Are you his servant?" asked the second clerk, a gentleman.

"Yes, sir, his valet. I was here before this morning to get his pass-book."

"Yes, that's right," said a third man, with hardly a glance.

Some uncertainty displayed. An exchange of low words. One nodded, and went away with the cheque.

I believe—I *hope*—that I looked unconcerned.

The manager, whose eyes I didn't like, came back with the doubtful cashier.

"Where is his lordship now?" inquired the manager keenly.

"At home, sir." (If he had walked in at that moment!) "He said I was to ask you to telephone if there was any question."

I stood, diffidently impassive.

My heart gave one terrific leap as the manager said: "It will be all right, I think"—and departed.

My face—or his lordship's reputation for "plunging"—had won!

The notes—all "hundreds"—crisped under the podgy hand of the cashier. He entered the numbers with great care.

The commissionaire swung back the door for me!

Now that I was outside I felt an onrush of panic. I would have given anything to jump into the first cab. But Ferris's instructions were rigid.

I returned to the telephone box I had recently left, gave the same number as before, was replied to by Ferris, who said, as though to headquarters: "Right. I've almost done here. I'll go on to number —— next."

Then I walked steadily back to 36, Mandeville Street. Any possible shadower had the satisfaction of seeing me enter the mansions where Lord Glencarthy resided. He would also see, coming out a moment later, an artisan in a light coat who carried a small brief bag. In this man's inner pocket were bank-notes to the value of ten-thousand pounds.

Two minutes of wandering along strange passages and I followed, taking a cab at the corner of the street and arriving home by devious ways.

* * * *

The bank-notes were never traced to us, but they were an infinity of trouble to dispose of.

Ferris had a story to tell of how Lord Glencarthy stood by watching him as he tinkered with fictitious repairs. He displayed aristocratic bad-temper at not being able to use the instrument when he needed it.

And this was the episode which set Mr. Dawe on our track.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

A MAN AND HIS BREAKFAST.

One of the most important features of a man's daily round is his breakfast, for two reasons. First, it is his most necessary meal, since it gives him stamina to go through his day's work. Most doctors are agreed that it is better to go without one's dinner than without one's breakfast. Secondly, the demeanour adopted by a man towards the first meal of the day is an excellent criterion of his condition of health. If he tackles it with a will, you can safely bet that he is as fit as a fiddle, but if he only toys with it, or worse still, pushes it away untasted, you can be sure that there is something seriously wrong with him.

Breakfast is generally the meal on which the athletic trainer lays most importance.

WHISTLING AND BAD LUCK.

Stage people are full of superstitions, and one of the most persistent is that it brings bad luck to whistle in a dressing-room.

It is always considered unlucky to speak the "tag," as the last few words of a play are called, before the performance on the first night.

Another strongly-held belief is that if a play goes well at rehearsal, it is sure to be a failure on production.

On the other hand, it is considered very lucky to touch a hunchback's hump. I remember, however, a pretty actress telling me that she once put this idea into execution; and the language the hunchback used upset her for weeks.

THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

With Swindon and West Ham in the fourth round of the F.A. Cup, the chances of a Southern League club reaching the Final for the first time since 1902, when Southampton lost to Sheffield United after a drawn game, are pretty fair.

The Southern League was founded in 1894, principally on the initiative of the Millwall F.C.

It consisted originally of nine clubs, namely, Millwall, Reading, Luton, Southampton, Chatham, Clapton, Ilford, Royal Ordnance, and Swindon—Clapton, Ilford, Reading, and Royal Ordnance being amateurs.

The League has had its ups-and-downs, but now that there is a real Second Division and clubs have to fight for retention in the upper table, it has taken on a new lease of life, and a victory in this year's final would establish it more firmly than ever.

COLOURED BOXERS SUPREME.

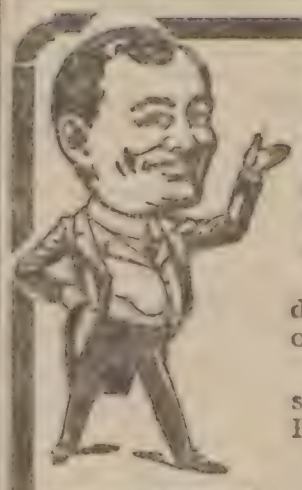
It is a saddening reflection for white men that the four boxers who by general consent are admitted to be the best in the world at the present moment are all men of colour, namely, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, and Sam McVea.

No doubt it is true that the negro has a natural physical advantage over the white man; he can stand more punishment, particularly on the face and head.

At the same time, there is no use blinking the fact that the negro has shown himself not only a better fighter but also a better boxer than the white.

Johnson has great science, while Langford, in the opinion of many good judges, is the finest boxer in speed, ringcraft, and general cleverness the world has ever seen.

The intellectual supremacy—for scientific boxing certainly calls for a cool, intelligent brain—of the negro boxer calls for explanation.



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A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

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SPLASHES.

Nothing more irritates the man who takes an interest in his clothes than to discover that his boots are splashed with mud, and that his trousers are similarly besmirched.

As I have so often pointed out in these notes, there is a world of difference between being a dandy and being well-dressed. A man can be well-dressed and trim even if his clothes are shabby, and the points he chiefly looks to are that his collar is clean, his clothes well brushed, and his boots likewise.

In wet weather it seems to many men that there is no possible way of avoiding dirty boots and soiled trousers. They dodge the passing cab and taxi, and keep well clear of the flying motor-bus, and yet they find that after ten minutes on the pavements of our London streets their lower extremities are well anointed with London's special mud.

There is just one way in which you can avoid being messed on a dirty day, and that is by paying attention to the way in which you walk.

If you examine your boots or your trousers, you will find that the mud spots upon them are very small—far too small to have been caused by the wheels of the taxi. They are there simply because you plant your feet too hard on the slushy pavement, and the boot which is being pressed upon the ground sends up many small splashes of mud that alight upon the boot which is leaving the ground.

To be graceful and easy in walking, the best advice I can offer is to be natural, but on a wet day it behoves a man to be also particular, and the thing that he should be particular about is to set his feet down lightly. If he does this instead of sending them down with a thump and a splash, he will find that his boots and his trousers are much less stained than would otherwise be the case.

Many men actually walk so clumsily that on a muddy day they wipe the mud off the side of one boot on the inside of the opposite trouser leg. One does not need to waddle to avoid doing this.

On the dirtiest day you will not usually find a muddy patch on the trousers of a man who has been drilled and knows how to carry himself.

PINK SOCKS.

I had a rude shock the other day. I thought I had struck something quite new in the way of rational-clothing faddists, for I met an otherwise well-dressed and prosperous-looking young man who was apparently wearing brogue shoes and pink socks.

I was just feeling sorry for him, and thinking how cold his feet must be, when on closer inspection I observed that he *was* wearing socks, but they were of pale pink, as near flesh colour as could be.

I cannot say that pink socks in any way appeal to me particularly, but I think my readers will admit that if one must wear pink socks, it is advisable to make sure that there is no chance of their being mistaken for a bit of Nature's underclothing.

The Leander Rowing Club, it is true, sports pink socks, which, like their pink cap and muffler, soon fade to a flesh colour, but they do not usually parade them in the London streets however proudly they may flaunt them at Henley, Oxford or Cambridge.

DOING WITHOUT SUSPENDERS.

I have on more occasions than one discussed the merits and demerits of the various types of sock-suspenders that a man may wear, but there are many men who do without suspenders altogether while they are wearing woollen underclothing.

During the cold weather most men wear pants that reach to their ankles, and when the socks are pulled over these the two woollen surfaces stick together sufficiently to prevent the socks from coming down—provided that both pants and socks are made entirely of wool. In both pants and socks you now find, however, many substitutes for wool, mixtures of wool and cotton, and so forth, and in some cases this does not have the same tenacious power as does the wool itself.

I draw your attention to this matter, because you may inadvertently put on a pair of socks [illegible]

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SUIT

28, THE GROVE, WANDSWORTH, S.W.

DEAR SIRS,
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OVERCOAT

HENGOED ROAD, PENPEDAIRHOEL, S. WALES.

SIRS,
I received Coat on Monday, 14th. Thank you very much for the great attention given to my order and the quick delivery. The coat is a perfect fit, and I think it is wonderful value for money. I shall be highly pleased to recommend your firm to my friends. W. WILLIAMS.

MORRISTON, GLAM.

BREECHES

DEAR SIRS,
I thank you very much for the Breeches received safely last Saturday. They are a splendid fit, and I am in every way pleased with them. Thanking you for your trouble, yours faithfully, L. G. F.

67, ALEXANDRA ROAD, FORD, DEVONPORT.

MACKINTOSH

DEAR SIRS,
I have received the Mackintosh you sent and am quite pleased with it. Shall recommend you to my friends when I have the opportunity. Yours truly, FRED. J. PEARCE.

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consist chiefly of cotton, and suppose they will keep their place as well as the woollen socks you have been in the habit of wearing.

In matters of dress, as in all other matters, never take anything for granted. Do not suppose that your socks will retain their proper position because they have so far done so, and if you find that they are sagging about your ankles—this is particularly noticeable if you wear shoes—revert to the use of suspenders, which in many cases may be dispensed with during the bad weather, but which, of course, are an absolute necessity in summer.

A MODEL WARDROBE.

A Surrey reader, who is kind enough to say that this page has been of use to him in the past, writes to ask me to give "a full list of clothes that a man in a fairly good position should have."

Now that is a bit of a poser, for one man's idea of a "fairly good position" may be very different from another's.

However, I must do my best to answer it, and leave my readers to remove from the list those items which they are never likely to need, and to add any others that their special circumstances may make necessary.

Let us suppose that a young man in a "fairly good position" is fitting himself out with an entirely new wardrobe—a luxury which few young men are ever likely to enjoy—the list of his requirements, putting everything at the minimum, would run something like this :—

2 lounge suits (one navy blue)
1 flannel suit
1 morning coat suit
1 evening dress suit
1 dinner jacket and waistcoat
1 Norfolk coat
1 fancy waistcoat
1 pair of breeches
6 coloured shirts
4 white shirts
1 dozen tall double collars
6 low double collars (for summer wear)
1 dozen wing collars
1 silk hat
1 bowler hat
1 straw hat
1 winter overcoat
1 mackintosh or rainproof
1 dozen handkerchiefs
1 " pairs of socks
3 sets of winter underwear
3 " " summer "
3 suits of pyjamas.

That is a suggested list which may be useful to any friend, although some of the items may be by no means necessary, while others are not mentioned, since they must depend entirely on personal taste and on ways and means.

Among the latter items will be included boots and slippers, for half a dozen pairs of boots and shoes is by no means a large allowance for the man who can afford them.

Smaller details, such as ties, gloves, braces, studs, sock-suspenders, and so on, are all very necessary, and considerably swell the expense of turning oneself out well, but some of them at least must be regarded as luxuries, and the number of them that a man possesses must depend on the state of his exchequer.

CLEANING PANAMAS.

"Another correspondent appeals to me as an encyclopædia of knowledge on masculine dress"—I wish I could lay claim to such infallibility—to tell him whether it is possible to have a Panama reduced in the height of the crown, and to whom he should send it for this purpose and for cleaning.

I have no doubt that such an alteration as he suggests would be possible, but it would probably make it difficult to roll the hat without damaging it.

With regard to the cleaning I cannot do better than recommend him to the firm of Achille Serre, of Hackney Wick, London, who undertake the cleaning of all articles of gentlemen's clothing and will return a Panama looking like a new one for two shillings or half a crown.

They undertake all necessary repairs to clothes, but whether they will tackle the altering of the shape of a Panama I cannot say.

I should recommend my correspondent to write to them and see.

BLUE SUITS AND BROWN BOOTS.

The same reader asks whether tan suits would be considered correct with a navy blue suit for wear at private card parties and similar social gatherings?

Personally I must say that brown boots always seem to me out of place when worn with a dark blue or a black suit, and I do not think that I am unduly prejudiced.

For evening wear, however informal, black boots or shoes are undoubtedly most suitable if you are wearing a dark blue suit.

Why this should be so I can no more explain than I could find reasons for half the vagaries of fashion and the distinctions between what is "correct" and what is "incorrect."

Perhaps it is that there is a certain amount of informality about brown boots which does not consort well with the semi-formal blue suit.

In this connection I remember a little episode which happened to a bachelor friend of mine—an Indian civilian home on leave—not many years ago.

He was walking one Sunday in Hyde Park, perfectly groomed as usual, but clad, it is true, in a tweed suit, and not in the frock coat which was then in vogue.

Suddenly he found his way stopped by a small girl who had planted herself in his path and stood pointing an accusing finger at his feet.

"Naughty man!" she said. "Brown boots on Sunday!"

Precisely what my friend replied history does not relate, but knowing his Anglo-Indian temper and his distinctly limited affection for children, I can imagine that when he had finished, that little girl wished she hadn't spoken.

However, I think one can safely wear brown boots on Sundays nowadays without fear of reproof, but it is advisable to avoid them with a navy blue suit or black coat.

DYEING TIES.

A reader in Northampton wishes to know whether he can get a tie dyed without injury.

The tie to the present colour of which he has taken a dislike after buying it is an open-ended terra-cotta one of good quality.

He does not state the material, but I presume that it is silk.

There should be no difficulty in getting a good tie of such a comparatively light colour dyed without injury to the material. Probably the firm above mentioned would undertake the job and return the tie in a day or two.

It must be remembered, however, that only certain shades are possible, and only an expert can tell you those to which material of any particular colour can be dyed.

In the case of suits, dyeing is rarely advisable, unless the cloth is so faded that the suit would otherwise have to be discarded.

An honest firm will always recommend cleaning in preference to dyeing, for a dyed suit has always a second-hand look about it.

However great precautions are taken to avoid actual injury to the material, it is often impossible to keep the shape of the suit and even to avoid shrinkage.

Clothes always need tailor-pressing after dyeing, but even this cannot always restore their shape.

With such articles as ties, however, the shape has not to be considered, and if the material is sufficiently good to stand it, there is no objection to dyeing.

If the material is an artificial silk made from wood-fibre or some other substitute, it may not stand the process of dyeing.

I should have no hesitation in sending to the dyers a tie for which I had paid five shillings or so, but if I had only given eighteen pence or two shillings for it, I should be prepared for its suffering some damage.

It is a matter of opinion, however, whether it is worth while going to the expense of having a tie dyed when a new one can be obtained for comparatively little more.

GOLD MEDAL SUITS

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From 23/6 to 45/-
Even our lowest price Suit has been valued by customers the world over at £3 3s.

It is well-known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes. If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. "Curzon" Suits are made by experts; the fit is guaranteed. There is style and grace in every garment turned out by the House of Curzon.

ONE SILVER AND TWO GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

CURZON BROS.
(Dept. 142) 60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
West End Depot: Pembroke House, 133-5, Oxford Street, W.
Those residing in London should call.

180 Collars 1/

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

LIN-GLOSS WORKS, 32, SANDROCK RD., LONDON, S.E.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

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You can buy on credit direct from our works new Coventry made "QUADRANT" cycles at HALF SHOP PRICES. Sent on 10 days' approval and guaranteed 10 years. Money returned if dissatisfied. We only charge TRADE price £3 15s. for fully equipped up-to-date models which Agents sell in shops at £5 10s. Buy direct and Save Middlemen's Profits. Easy terms from 5/- monthly. Strict privacy; quick delivery. Write for Illustrated Lists To-Day. Quadrant Cycle Co., Ltd., (Dept. 261), COVENTRY.

FROM £3.12s. CASH.

20 Medals AWARDED.

QUADRANT

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. H. F. (Birmingham).—We don't propose to give advice in love matters. In such things, every man must be his own counsellor. Why not ask the girl if she will marry you? You will learn more from the way she answers the question than we could ever tell you. Good luck!

H. S. (Sheffield).—There is no MODERN MAN club in Sheffield so far. One will probably be started soon.

T. B. (Northampton).—Breeches straps are not necessary if there is a button on the back of your breeches to which you can fix the tab of the legging, but they give a sort of finishing touch to the whole turnout.

H. E. F. (Glasgow).—Settle the difficulty by having a chat with your company officer, or with your sergeant-major.

F. R. C. (Glasgow).—We admire you for your charitable feelings; if, as you say, you generally have a few shillings to spend at the end of the week, you cannot do better than bestow them upon some deserving cause, for the knowledge that you have done something for those who cannot do very much for themselves will be worth far more to you than the money you give. As you ask us to name a deserving charity, we would suggest one of your local hospitals. Other well-managed and excellent charitable organisations are the Salvation Army and Messrs. Pearson's Fresh-Air Fund.

J. G. (Bradford).—Take more exercise, and follow especially those of Mr. Mitchell's exercises which affect the abdominal muscles. The undesirable expanse of waist will soon disappear.

G. U. MAIN, Wiseman's Lane, Elgin, desires to correspond with readers in naval ports.

W. A. S. (Norwich).—Though you're a bit young to join the League, we shall make an exception in your favour, for you seem to have the right sort of enthusiasm for sport. Send along your application form.

J. H. (Pendleton).—We have never heard anything against the National Union of Clerks.

W. C. G. (Widnes).—Unless special arrangements have been made with his landlord, a farmer is entitled to shoot the ground game on his land.

W. M. (Nottingham).—Eat more vegetables and fruit, and get as much fresh air as you can; that will purify your blood and the pimples will cease to trouble you.

T. H. (Kennington).—The secretary of the Ilford MODERN MAN Club is Mr. B. Pusey, 12, Woodlands Road, Ilford.

J. H. (Kelty).—If you can't get a good-fitting pair of leggings from any of your local boot-shops, apply to your local saddler, who will get some from London for your inspection. A good ready-made pair will cost you about half a sovereign. If you have them made to measure the price will be about a guinea.

F. T. C.—You sent a stamped envelope, but there was no address either on it or on your letter. Is it this sort of absent-mindedness that has got you into your present difficulties? Our advice to you is to see your creditors, to state all the facts to them, and to ask them to give you time to liquidate your debts.

F. W. ARCHER, Albion Street, Batley, Yorks, wishes to correspond with Colonial readers.

A. A. (Devonport).—Apply to the nearest shipping office.

H. G. H. (Walsall).—Law cases are fully reported in the "Times." The reports in the "Daily Telegraph" are also very full.

F. H. ASHLEY, 40, Wellfield Street, Rochdale, wants to meet a local reader, fond of cycling and walking, for Saturday afternoon rambles.

F. H. THOMAS, Corner North Road, Brockenhurst, Hants, desires to open picture postcard correspondence with readers in Scotland and Ireland.

R. T. (Longsight), **C. G. J.** (Dundee), **S. S. F.** (Belfast), **A. H.** (Bolton), **J. W. D.** (Newcastle), **T. F.** (Oldham), **A. L. A.** (Catford), **C. C.** (Birmingham), **G. G. B.** (Warrington), **W. E. H.** (East Ham).—We thank you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the roll of members of our League, of which the main object is to promote good fellowship and good sportsmanship and to provide every member with a potential friend of the right sort in whatever part of the country he may find himself. We should be obliged if members whose names have been inadvertently omitted, or who have recently changed their address, would communicate with us at once, in order that all errors and omissions may be rectified in a supplementary list, which will also contain the names of members joining after the publication of the list for their town. A form of application, with particulars of the badges issued, will be found below.

LEICESTER *(continued).*
A. HINCHLIFFE, 30, Stuart Street.
F. G. HOLLIS, 35, Evesham Road.
H. E. HUBBARD, 2, Cork Street, Mere Road.
E. E. JACQUES, 66, Rendall Road, Belgrave Road.
C. T. JONES, 65, Doncaster Road.
C. B. LANE, 4, Canning Street, St. Margarets.
J. LETTS, 15, Oban Street.
W. R. LUCAS, 27, Chepstow Road.
L. LUNGMUSS, 21, Brookhouse Avenue.
S. E. MARTIN, 15, Dannett Street.
G. MILLAR, 30, Welford Road.
H. H. MOBBS, 37, Kirby Road.
H. NEEDHAM, 13, Catesby Street.
H. A. OLIVER, 54, Duxbury Road, West Humberstone.
H. PAWLEY, 53, Stanley Street.
E. F. PEABODY, 8, Church Avenue.
A. PEACH, 72, Friday Street.
L. PERRY, 6, Chancery Street.
F. E. PRESTON, Berlin House, Ibstock.
H. REYNOLDS, 10, Guthlaxton Street.
W. ROBERTSON, 71, Mere Road.
E. J. SCOTTON, 109, Berners Street.
H. H. SMITH, 28½, Bruin Street, Belgrave.
W. SMITH, Battram Lane, Ellistown.
A. A. SPENCER, 3, Welford Road.
E. SPONG, 14, Ridley Street.
T. M. STANYON, 106, Curzon Street.
S. SUTTON, 43, Darley Street.
A. W. TAYLOR, 22, Warwick Street, Tudor Road.
T. A. THACKER, 58, Roundhays Road.
W. THOMPSON, 49, Lancashire Street, Melton Road.
R. TRANTUM, 76, Belgrave Gate.
E. VARLEY, 48, Balfour Street.
E. B. VICKERSTAFFE, 19, Churchill Street, St. Alban's Road.
H. WARD, "The Nook," Syston.
N. WATTS, "Normandene," Wigston Fields.
F. S. WESLEY, 21, Belvoir Street.
E. L. WHITTLE, 15, Normanton Road.
J. WICKSON, 54, Disraeli Street, Aylestone.
A. R. WILLISCROFT, 96, St. Peter's Road.
A. J. WILSON, 90, Humberstone Road.

LEIGH (Lancs).
A. BROOKS, Railway Road.
J. HAMPSON, Kirkwall Lane.
J. JACKSON, 27, Church Street.
L. MEADOWS, Old Hall, Mill Lane.
H. MERCER, 243, Twist Lane.
W. W. MERCER, 243, Twist Lane.
W. STEVENS, 88, Warrington Road.
A. TAYLOR, Woodbine Terrace, Church Street.

LEIGH (Kent).
S. BENNETT, C/o. Mrs. Young, Nr. Brickmaker's Arms.

LEITH.
J. T. BRAND, 90, Iona Street.
J. T. C. CALDER, 46, East Restalrig Terrace.
J. DALLOS, 4, Eastfield.
W. FAIRBAIRN, 70, Leith Walk.
W. F. FRASER, 18, Noble Place.
A. T. HAYES, 23, Ryehill Gardens.
W. LATIMER, 17, Thorntree Street.
J. LAWRIE, 7, Albion Place.
J. R. NICOL, 73, Cornhill Terrace.
A. POTTER, 12, Arthur Street.
A. SINCLAIR, 30, Kirkgate.

LEMINGTON-ON-TYNE.
R. WEATHERBY, Lesbury House.

LEOMINSTER.
H. MONRO, Borough Motor Works.
R. L. PRICE, Borough Motor Works.

LERWICK.
W. JAMIESON, 12, Widow's Homes.
W. R. SUTHERLAND, 6, Freefield.

LESBURY.
G. FALLOW, Station Cottages.

LESLIE.
H. KIRK, Douglas Road.

LESMAHAGOW.
J. G. BOYD, "Hawksland."

LETCHWORTH.
J. S. GIBBS, 2, Ridge Road.

LEYLAND.
W. F. SWANN, Moss Farm.
W. WILLIAMS, Brookfold Farm, Leyland Lane.

LICHFIELD.
A. F. BILL, 28, Tamworth Street.
H. COPE, 9, Mousley Terrace.
J. E. DONLAN (Corpl.), Depôt, South Staffs, Whittington Barracks.
S. R. MASON, Devonia.
A. WATT, Goat's Head Hotel.

LIMERICK.
M. J. CAREW, 55, William Street.
—. ELVIN (Sapper), 2nd Air Line Telegraph Co. R.E.

LINCOLN.
C. W. BARKER, 239, Monks Road.
S. T. CARLTON, 14, Abbot Street.
W. H. CODD, 75, Monks Road.
J. B. CRITCHISON, 174, High Street.
C. DALTON, 23, Pennell Street.
C. S. FOULSHAM, 277, High Street.
H. E. HEMPSALL, North Leverton.
W. JAMES, 32, Laceby Street.
F. LEVERSEDGE, "Bank House," Mint Street.
C. OLIVER, 21, Pelham Street.
H. E. ROSSINGTON, 11, Greetwell Gate.
F. SCARFE, Canwick Road.
C. T. TOMLINSON, 122, Cross Street.
G. T. VEASEY, 13, Linton Street.

LINLITHGOW.
W. DICK, 260, High Street.

LINTHORPE.
J. W. GIBSON, "The Hollies," Poplars Road.

LISBURN.
H. ASHE, Lissue.
D. HARDING, Belsize House.
H. LENEGHAN, 154, Mill Street, Hilden.
J. LENEGHAN, 154, Mill Street, Hilden.
W. LENEGHAN, 154, Mill Street, Hilden.
J. MAGEE, Landon.
T. PRESTON, 64, Wesley Terrace.
J. SHAW, Belfast Road.

LISBURY.
J. DAVISON, Branch End.

LISCARD.
J. HUGHES, 19, Longland Road.
O. J. KIRK, 9, Belgrave Street.
J. R. SMITH, 8, Oxford Road.

LISTOWEL.
J. STACK, Arcade.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Two or three gent.'s white shirts, the very best quality, samples, brand new. What offers?—Box 4216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brand new pair of sandals, size 4, best make, all leather, cost 8s. 6d.; bargain, 4s.—Box 4181 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's fur-lined overcoat, neutra beaver collar and cuffs, equal new, cost £12, sacrifice £3 15s.—Box 4272, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen's sewn boots, large sevens, 11s., cost 22s.; worn once.—Box 4273, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two pairs of brown leather boots, size nine, one pair broad and another narrow toe, cost 18s. per pair, bargain, 6s. per pair; cash; no postcards or approval.—Box 4274, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

12-guinea 27in. Premier cycle, new last July, perfect condition, Eadie two-speed coaster; £7.—Haggart, 76, Club Garden Road, Sheffield.

Gentleman's cycle, plated rims, splendid condition, 40s.—Box 4222, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, billiard table, 7ft. 3in. by 3ft. 9in., maker Calverts, London, 3 full-size ivory balls, 2 cues, rest, and marker; also complele gas fittings, with shades, heavy slate bed; £5 10s. the lot, cost 14gs.—Box 4221, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 12-bore hammerless or ejector gun by good maker; good condition.—Box 4275, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Harmsworth's Self-Educator," 48 parts, unbound, new condition, cost £1 8s. What offers?—Armitage, Triangle, Halifax.

Books and music of every description bought. Full value sent by return. Country parcels must be sent by goods train only.—Harding's Book Stores, 242, St. Paul's Road, Highbury, London, N.

Complete, "World's Great Books," always readable. Offers?—Gilbert, 37, Doncaster Road, Leicester.

Can You Sketch? If so, why not learn to draw for the papers. Expert tuition by post. Special reduced terms for Leaguers.—Stamp for prospectus, Artist, London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

¼-plate folding-film camera, Beck symmetrical lens, good condition, sling case, tripod, &c. Exchange or sell; cost £5.—W. Young, 93, Ranelagh Road, Dublin.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

DOGS.

A good reliable rabbiting and ratting well-bred fox-terrier bitch, broken to ferrets, quick worker and killer, for coursing, £1, or near offer.—Box 4224, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Irish terrier puppy, good points, but not necessarily pedigree, must be cheap.—Box 4225, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

English concertina (Metzler), 48 double-acting keys, brilliant tone, 5-fold leather bellows, handsome rosewood keyboards and case, first-class instrument, cost 7 guineas; accept 45s., bargain.—Box 4261, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache grower free.—Pendun's moustache pomade forces one like magic, any age; week's full supply sent by return in plain wrappers free for 3d. stamps for postage, &c.—A. Pendun (Dept. 2), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER,** or sample and full particulars, penny stamp.—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Look! Look! the very latest for growing luxurious hair, "Ancient," hair food.; 1oz. 6d., 2ozs. 1s., 4ozs. 1s. 6d.—From "Ancient," Ltd., 3, Hart Street, Lenton, Nottingham.

Appearance is an important consideration. Your teeth may be made and kept pearly white. Dental secret. 7d., post free.—Box 4261, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, recipe for speedy moustache grower, must be genuine; state price.—Box 4262, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Gentleman in City Office wishes to borrow £12, repayable with interest monthly instalments; private lender only.—L. C., 50, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

£200 Provident House Purchase Bond, ballot section; paid £15 12s. on same, accept £9 or near offer.—Box 4284, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 British Homes House Purchase Certificate; present value £46, accept £21.—Box 4285, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, to borrow privately for two months, sound security deposited, £45, repaid in 2 instalments; only principals or their solicitors treated with.—Box 4286, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Endowment. House Purchase Certificate, London and Provincial Assurance Company, £39 paid; purchaser could obtain house one year from transfer. What offers?—Box 4287, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Immediate Cash badly wanted, will sacrifice 100 £1 shares in Commercial Corporation Ltd., and 100 2s. 6d. shares in Croydon Consols (Queensland), Ltd., for £85, immediate cash.—Box 4288, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Capital little book, "Money-making Ideas"; 57 good plans. Send P.O., 1s.—Box 4208, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Buy your cigarettes by weight. Pure Virginia, mild, grey box, 4s. ½lb. Special Turkish, purple box, 4s. 3d. ½lb. Finest value offered. Post paid.—Central Tobacco Stores, 6, Market Place, Retford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders.—Wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion; post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

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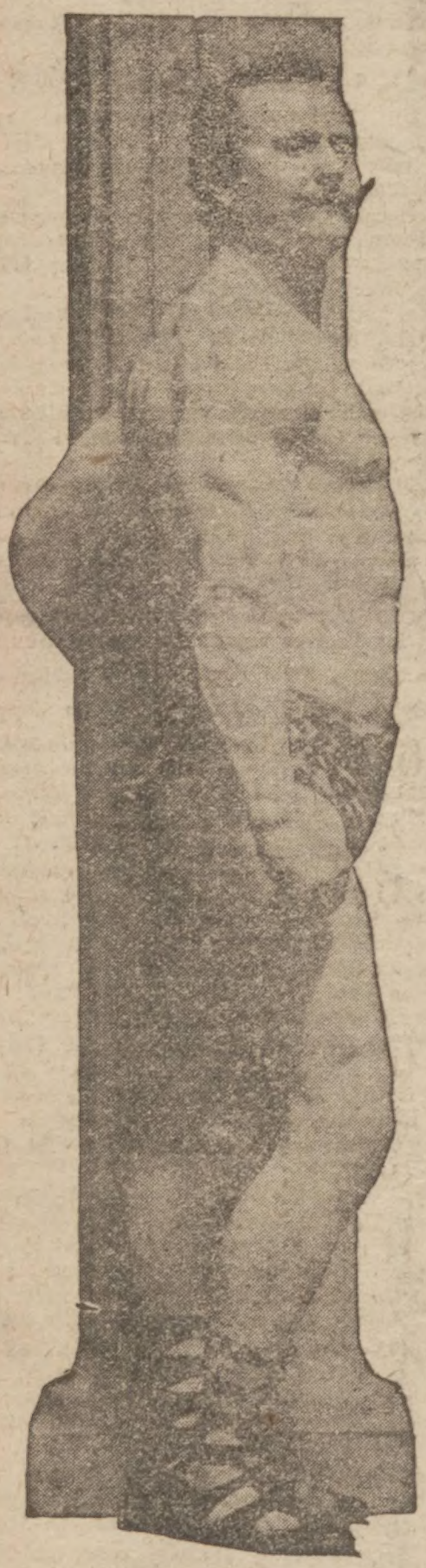

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